

# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE

---

NOVEMBER 1863.

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## ONCE MORE—"TO THE THREE KINGDOMS."

SCENE.—*The Irish House of Commons before "the Parlymint crost over the main."*

*Hour.*—"Past three o'clock, and a starlight morning."

HONOURABLE MEMBER for X. Y. Z. rising a FOURTH TIME to speak.

O'FLANNIGAN (*in the Reporters' Gallery*).—"By the Hill of Howth, the fellow's on his legs again!"

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK, *Act IV.*

"AHEM! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN."—*Manager's Formula.*

With the present number is commenced the FOURTH VOLUME of the "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," that most unexpected of all enterprises—a *Magazine printed by Women*.

The fact is significant. It tells of much;—of hard work, both of brain and hand; of patient endurance, cheerful courage and abiding hope; of anxious thought, earnest intention, and a simple belief that what is undertaken in honesty of purpose, and offered in good faith to the People of this great Empire, will enjoy a fair opportunity of preferring its claim to favour.

Nay, more: it tells of what, without incurring the imputation of boastfulness, the Publishers may name SUCCESS; for, if the over-exultant partisan who, forgetful of the thousand perils that environ

the infancy of the best dandled Periodical, proclaimed the coming of a *first* No. as the "establishment" of the serial—if this naive and warm-hearted friend was more remarkable for the excess of his enthusiasm than the accuracy of his judgment, still we may consider that the advent of a *fourth volume* announces health and strength, an abundance of vitality, and the prospect of a green old age.

Whether any Magazine now-a-days is likely to attain to the venerable antiquity of the "*The Gentleman's*," or any Editor at all in the way of wearing the honours of "Sylvanus Urban, Esq.," of silver-haired memory, is a problem the solution of which we dare not attempt; nor does it much matter.

"THE ROSE, THE THISTLE, AND THE SHAMROCK"—we bow to the Garter King-of-Arms, and give Auld Scotia her lawful place—

"THE ROSE, THE THISTLE, AND THE SHAMROCK."

"No. XIX.

NOVEMBER."

"VOL. IV."

Behold it in print, dear Reader, and take note, as our good old housekeeper maintains very solemnly, and spectacles on nose, "What's in print must be true, and cannot be denied."

#### VOLUME THE FOURTH:

very gratifying; and, no doubt, it is with an unquestionably pleasant feeling that "the Conductor"—that's the word—"the Conductor" of a Monthly, whether sporting a shooting-jacket or steering a crinoline—whether seen in the awful majesty of a Crimean beard or Dundreary whiskers, lighting a "dudeen" or "cutty-pipe" with a scrap of *Bell's Life in London*, or "igniting" a Cabana with a fusee, foppishly poised in a hand, on the fourth finger of which glitters a gem of the first water; OR—this "*or*" is portentous—simply revealing—

"Ribbons and lace,  
And a sweet, pretty face ;"

(the rhyme, sung to us once by a wicked gipsy, *would* float into our brain, and drop down from the nib of our goose-quill), it is, we opine, with an unquestionably pleasant, nay felicitous, feeling of relief, of joy, of pride and triumph that an Editor, whether of the

masculine or feminine gender, lays down the pen, leans back in the fauteuil, folds the hands, and complacently looks up to the ceiling, to reflect on the great fact of *three volumes accomplished*:—three goodly volumes, each successive instalment of which more than realized the promise of the first.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*: how very true this oft repeated proverb of our cherished neighbours, the French. And the first step is taken—paid for; all difficulty got over; the course clear, the pace good, the winning-post in view: the plaudits loud.

To drop simile: in the office of the "R., S., AND T.," and in the sanctum of the Editress, all works *à merveille*, from the active intelligence that creates and guides, down to the dead matter, the thing of brass and iron, of wheels and cylinders, that obeys the impulse imparted to it, and produces the wonderful results of which machinery is capable in the hands of man—we beg pardon, *The Caledonian Press* in question—*of woman*—from the Editress and her fair, brilliant, and chivalrous Staff, down to the merry-faced, ruddy-cheeked little lassie that, in quainter and ruder hives of literature, would be represented by a grim-visaged imp in paper-cap and corduroys, yelect a "Printer's d—l."

This is a happy state of things, dear Reader, and the triumph of the petted little darling of nineteen months old, may justify some innocent exultation on the part of the relatives, *parrains*, *marraines*, etc., and plead excuse for "a bit of gossip" on what has been, and shall yet be done, to make "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*" a still greater indispensable to "our Public."

To begin: a more intimate acquaintance with the features necessary to render a Monthly acceptable to the Readers of our time and country has led to the adoption of every recognized improvement of which the management was susceptible; and if yet falling short of that entire efficiency and completeness which, it is hoped, will ultimately characterize it, the Editress ventures to believe that progress is written upon every page. The Magazine is not an attempted or a servile imitation of existing periodicals: originality is aimed at; and to each writer is left the sign-manual of his style, and the shape and shade of his opinion upon all subjects open to discussion, and on which wise men and good may differ. The familiar pens continue to pleasantly salute the

reader; the old and honoured names to dignify the roll of contributors; while the co-operation of fresh and sparkling talent has been secured, and helps to sustain the high reputation which the periodical has acquired.

In what is technically expressed by the "getting up" of the Magazine, the desire to merit well is manifest: type, paper, composition, and press-work leave little, if aught, to desiderate; and the approval of *Experts* in the wondrous and world-enlightening art, the hearty praise bestowed upon the typography of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," by brethren of the craft, is the best proof that the women-printers have, right well, won their laurels.

*Palmam qui meruit ferat*: it is but due to the female Compositors and Printers of *The Caledonian Press* to state, that they have not taken up their work in a dull spirit of drudgery for bread only, but that each has applied herself with a generous ambition to render the Magazine worthy of approbation, creditable to the *National Institution*, and demonstrative of the skilfulness of women in a trade hitherto exercised only by men.

To instruct *females* in the art of printing: to furnish regular employment for the *protégées* of *The Caledonian Press*; and on behalf of women, otherwise exposed to live by sin or die by starvation, to advocate their right to subsist by honest industry, were the objects for which, honoured by the patronage of Royalty, the *Institution* was founded, and the Periodical put forth.

These objects have been adhered to; and so long as either the Press or Periodical exists, they will be maintained.

That good will result from experiments which, having ceased to be singular, are not indebted for favour to the ephemeral excitement of novelty, is confidently believed. Since the establishment in Edinburgh of a *woman-printed* "Monthly," a second, stamped with the same feature, has been brought out in London; and the practical good sense, ability, and high principle of Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, promise well for a Magazine issued from the *Victoria Press* on the first anniversary of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*."

This kindred action in a common cause, and that one worthy of all encouragement, is a hopeful sign; and, as such, we hail it.



If, after everything has been done, but little be achieved, less than the friends of the movement may foresee, and far less than the stern and increasing necessity demands, still, we must be thankful and look forward in hope. Prejudice may retard the progress, but cannot arrest it; the impulse is given—the first step made in the right direction, and if *but one* trade, the glorious and time-honoured one of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, be added to the few and miserable resources of women striving to earn bread for themselves, and too often for their husbands and children, it will be a noble work accomplished, and a kingly recompense for the many risks encountered, the many sacrifices made, and the many sarcasms endured by the promoters and advocates of a reform so vitally needed.

As a trade speculation; an investment of so much capital, time, thought, and manual labour, reckoned upon to return so much "per cent." for individual benefit, this Magazine, "*printed by women*," was not set on foot. The chances of success were too slender to warrant a supposition that failure was impossible; and too many periodicals, supported by the highest literary talent of the day, in possession of the field and of the public favour to absolve the attempt from a certain character of rashness when commercially considered. That it has won golden opinions—that it fulfils its end, and is a source of profitable employment to those engaged in it, cannot alter the fact that, *in the face of recognized difficulties and discouragements*, it was planned and undertaken for a purely unselfish purpose; and to whatever credit this may entitle her, MISS MARY ANNE THOMSON may justly lay claim.

The contents of the three volumes, will show that variety of subject, and fulness of treatment, have been happily combined; while the cause, most dear to the Editress and her co-adjutors, "*the employment of women*" is especially cared for; and the necessity of opening new and extensive fields of industry to the self-dependent of the sex, clearly demonstrated in the series of papers entitled, "*Our Six-Hundred-Thousand*." But the list of contributors alone is sufficient to establish the fact that high and ripened talent has lent its aid to "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*;" and that genius and intellect have given of their fruits to its pages. Some momentary misapprehension may have arisen from the second clause of

its title, "*a Journal for the Fair Daughters*," etc.; but, as we have seen, the "R, S, AND T" is not made up of syllabubs; not merely fit for the sea-side sojourn, or "the days when we go gipsying;" nor is it what is cynically held by the "creatures" in broad cloth, to be "*a Lady's Magazine*." On behalf of the female compositors and printers, it addressed itself to "the sympathizing and womanly of the sex," and to "the chivalrous of their brethren;" in plainest prose, men as well as women were invited to read and subscribe to "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," and men as well as women have responded to the call.

The bearded and unsentimental sex,—the educated and the intellectual were to be interested in the work, and apart from a benevolent motive, led to purchase it; else its existence had been, as kindly predicted, "ephemeral;" for *bienveillance* "*pure et simple*" is sometimes apt to pall. Writers of celebrity were engaged; and others who, to become popular, had but to publish, made their *débüt* in the new periodical.

The programme issued with the first number has been fulfilled.

"It aint."

"Eh! who spoke?"

"*Me*. IT AINT."

We are startled—we gaze round; a fat and fiery face confronts us.

We bow.

"Really, dear madam, the impeachment fills us with confusion; we blush to the very roots of our hair."

"Stuff!"

"Nay, gentle dame, not for ourselves; we are not of the Privy Council, nor of *le Pouvoir Exécutif*; the sin lies not upon our burly shoulders but on the fair ones of the Editress."

"Don't tell me!"

Alas! and alackaday; dear reader, it is too true! Anna Jemima's mamma, the portly matron in the magnitudinous crinoline, who cuts short our flourish, and looks wrathfully in our face, *is right*, and Mrs. Triple-Genteel on her left, *not wrong*.

The programme has *not* been carried out to the letter, and the salient feature of a *Ladies' Magazine* is—*nowhere*.

Where are the fashion prints, the patterns, the crochet designs?

Where the directions for purses, slippers, and smoking-caps, in Berlin, Lady Betty, and beadwork? "Where?"

We are confounded and borne down: the needle, that loved companion and daintiest of darlings, of which far be it from us to babble indiscreetly,—the minion of the lady and the *gagne-mort* of the poor shirtmaker, was glanced at in the long-winded "WORD," uttered oracularly "in the merrie month of May," one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two; yet, excepting to libel and speak scurrilously of the poor little implement, nothing throughout the whole eighteen numbers would lead the world to suspect that *Thomas's Sewing Machine* had not its own way, entirely to the total discomfiture of Redditch and Whitechapel.

The case is proven; and the suspiciously sentimental supplement to the title, which whispered to some elderly young ladies of love tales and pastorals, of conundrums and culinary receipts, of hints on etiquette, and of plates and full-size patterns of the last new fashions, as worn by that type of loveliness and grace, the EMPRESS EUGENIE,—"*the Fair Daughters of Great Britain and Ireland*" figures (Mrs. Triple-Genteel lifts her forefinger, and *sotto-voce*, cites the first rule of syntax from Murray's "Abridgment"),—figureS, Madam, no longer on the cover of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*." We may remark *en passant* that that same cover is embellished with a device by R. Jefferson, not only appropriate, but admirable in point of design and execution.

Freed from the angry interpellation of the massive and excellent Mrs. B. and the pretty menace of Mrs. Triple-Genteel's ringlets, we cry *Eureka*, and hasten to make an end.

"Prose, poetry; fact and fiction; tales and essays; biography and criticism." A cloud of contributors, earnest and sympathetic; all of talent; many of high mark.

"From grave to gay; from lively to severe;"

something for every taste, honest, healthy, and refined; something not to be slighted by the lords nor yawned over by the ladies of creation; something to touch a chord and to find a welcome in the hearts of

"The English, the Irish, the Scotch,"

as roars the sturdy chorus of the song, spiced with the spirit of

John Bull; something, in short, for "THE THREE KINGDOMS," not forgetting the Ancient PRINCIPALITY from which the young and gallant Heir to the British Crown derives His title and His triple plume.

Finally, and if last not least, a Corps of Compositors and Printers, who, though women, hope not the less that, in their case, conduct, skill, and industry shall receive their just reward.

Such is the *signalement* of the Magazine, its wares, its faithful Friends and Servitors.

And "our Public" ever kind, if sometimes "hard to please;" and those terrible fellows the Reviewers have chosen to attest its accuracy, and to shout uproariously—

"SUCCESS TO THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE."

To thank her Contributors for their aid; her *Employées* for their zeal; the Three Kingdoms for their patronage; and the Press for its generous support, is the grateful *devoir* of the Editress in closing the Third and—

COMMENCING THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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October 19, 1863.

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## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

### CHAPTER XX.

AFTER A BRIEF HALT, FOR REFLECTION, THE STORY PROGRESSES.

I PAUSE here, chiefly out of sympathy for my friend Jacob, as we have all paused at some momentous period of our respective histories. I feel that Jacob is on the eve of a great change in his fortunes, and that the time has all but come when he will stand alone in the great world, with little choice in respect of the highway in which he will journey. Perhaps it is well, sometimes, that our selection of the paths that open up, at certain intervals in all our lives, should be restricted. It is hard choosing when you come to four cross-roads, in a new country, without guide posts. Some of us fancy we discover a sign which Fate has set up; but we are often deceived.

In looking back upon the past, my friend, do you not remember a period when it was necessary that you should select your path in life? You had left school, and it was necessary that you should decide. Or you had entered upon some deep and important enterprise—taken the rough and perilous road, when the quiet and easy one was equally accessible. Yes, and made a mistake," you may reply. I have just seen a poor curate, who entered the church with rosy hopes of patronage from a relative, and who, sorely disappointed for years, has at length learned "to labour and to wait." Steeped in respectable poverty, and on the verge of the grave, he has discovered that the only true wealth is the comfort of religious resignation.

How bitter disappointment must be, after a lifetime of hard and patient toil! The artist, standing within the walls of the Academy, year after year, and finding himself as low in public estimation as he is in the eyes of the hanging committee, knows how bitter! The poor author, in yon poor garret, surrounded by his oft rejected manuscripts, knows how bitter!

Whilst I write there passes my window an old man, well to do, with creaking boots, and jingling seals hanging from his watch-chain. Follows him, one, gray and tottering, and leaning upon a staff; and then comes a slim, seedy gentleman, struggling with the demon called "keeping up appearances;" and now a brougham rolls by, in which reclines a gentleman in the prime of life, and in the hey-day of prosperity. Which of these may represent my future, gentle reader, or your future, or Jacob's future? "Aye, there's the rub!" Some writers tell us that our future is of our own making. Those kind gentlemen who lecture "Young Men's Christian Societies," tell us that industry and perseverance will accomplish anything. And they set about proving their arguments by holding up successful men, who have

triumphed over gigantic obstacles. It is not an original thought, I know, to ask about the welfare of the unsuccessful men? But I feel a deep interest in them. The successful men have everybody's praises and admiration. Commend me to some of the unsuccessful, who have deserved the triumphs they have not obtained. They are as numerous as their more fortunate brethren, depend upon it. Look around amongst your acquaintances and see if you cannot discover, even in your own circle, men who have striven, and persevered, and been industrious all their lives, and had good abilities to back them, and yet have always been unsuccessful, and will ever be so to the end of the chapter. Who shall say that yon seedy man, and him with the staff, have not worked harder, and persevered more, and been aided throughout by better abilities than the gentleman of the brougham? Will any of my readers say that Mr. Augustus Morriston did not deserve to be successful? He toiled late and early, from infancy upwards. He was a good husband, a kind brother, and though he was not such an affectionate parent in Jacob's early youth as he might perhaps have been, my readers will not charge him with a want of parental regard. He was a conscientious man, had high feelings and good thoughts; his perseverance was unbounded, his industry was equally great, and his energy was tremendous. But he was not a successful man. When he paced to and fro upon the pavement in Trafalgar Square even his greatest foe might have pitied him, could he have known the bitterness of his disappointment.

In Jacob's pictures of the future there was no dream of failure. But he will quail before the prospect that is gradually opening up for him, as Will Tunster lashes his horse through half-lit villages, by flaming furnaces and colliery fires. His heart will throb, and he will bite his lips before the night is over, howsoever calmly the bright stars twinkle overhead. Already there have been several crises in his young life; and the looking back upon our turnings in life's great journey, and our selections of various paths, or our non-selections thereof, induces me briefly to contemplate a few incidents in Jacob's life. Like yours and mine, my friend, his career has been wonderfully influenced by apparently accidental circumstances. What would have been his lot now, supposing his mother had not died? What his fate had not a miller on a memorable day, years ago, gone forth to smoke his pipe beside a mill-dam, just when a youth paused on the deep pool's bank? Supposing a certain sweet face had not looked from the factory window? Supposing Mr. Spawling had never sent that advertisement to Middleton? Supposing Dorothy Cantrill had not been Mr. Spawling's housekeeper?

Perhaps one might go on speculating, in this fashion, to an absurd length; but have we not all looked back, in a similar manner, upon our own lives? Do we not all feel that there have been times when we seem to have brushed shoulders with fate, when an apparently trivial circumstance has turned out to have been a great event, and when our destiny has been influenced by a trifle?



Middleton-in-the-Water retained many old customs, and amongst them was that of tolling the curfew hour, as punctually as when the feudal law was in full operation. The bell was wailing on the breeze, as the mail cart passed the spot where Jacob had first seen aunt Keziah, bringing back strange memories of the past. The night was dark, and by some lucky accident the gas lamps were lighted, though in many instances they did but burn to make the darkness still more visible. Will Tunster's horse slackened its speed as they entered the town, and some boys who were going home after playing "hide-and-seek," or "last knock," up and down the streets, shouted "hurrah," in honour of "Will, the whip."

Strange sensations took possession of Jacob, as he neared home. Things seemed smaller than they had appeared when he last saw them, notwithstanding the darkness which strove hard to make everything big, and black, and shadowy.

Will Tunster, who had said but little during the journey, and had played "Tom Moody" more dolefully than was his wont, "hoped Jacob would not be down-hearted," as he pulled the horse up into a still steadier walk.

"Do you think I am down-hearted then, Will?" inquired Jacob.

"Thou mayn't be so much now as thou will be," said Will. "When a chap falls down and is badly hurt, he doesn't feel it so much just then as after."

Jacob made no reply, but he began to feel that he had not thought sufficiently about the letter which he had received that morning.

"I'd a talk wi' Dorothy about things afore I took up th' box at Mester Spawling's; and I've heard summat of what's been goin' on this day or two. Bad Luck always runs his cattle in pairs it's my opinion."

"Tell me what you mean, Will; let me know what you have heard and seen; I'm quite unprepared for the bad luck you talk about," said Jacob, rousing himself up, and getting nearer to the mail-driver.

"Well, it's a pity then. But keep up thy nerves. It's no good meeting a winter storm wi' one's jacket off, as if it wor' summer. I should ha' thowt Mester Spawling had prepared th' way according to what Dorothy towed me. But somebody else has put that out of thy head; no wonder, such a happy thing as she always is—snow canna stand sunshine."

"And I am sure the fears you are beginning to make me feel are worse than the reality; you weary me, Will, with your mysteries," said Jacob, impatiently, as the mail-driver turned his horse into the street where Jacob's home was situated.

"Hush! hush!" said Will; "don't be angry; for God's sake! hush!"

The curfew bell had stopped, making the sudden cessation of the rattle of the wheels of the mail cart even more impressive than the unexpected silence would otherwise have been. Bark cuttings, from the tannery, were laid upon the road, which, so strong are local associations, immediately reminded Jacob of death and the quarter-sessions. For they had

triumphed over gigantic obstacles. It is not an original thought, I know, to ask about the welfare of the unsuccessful men? But I feel a deep interest in them. The successful men have everybody's praises and admiration. Commend me to some of the unsuccessful, who have deserved the triumphs they have not obtained. They are as numerous as their more fortunate brethren, depend upon it. Look around amongst your acquaintances and see if you cannot discover, even in your own circle, men who have striven, and persevered, and been industrious all their lives, and had good abilities to back them, and yet have always been unsuccessful, and will ever be so to the end of the chapter. Who shall say that yon seedy man, and him with the staff, have not worked harder, and persevered more, and been aided throughout by better abilities than the gentleman of the brougham? Will any of my readers say that Mr. Augustus Morriston did not deserve to be successful? He toiled late and early, from infancy upwards. He was a good husband, a kind brother, and though he was not such an affectionate parent in Jacob's early youth as he might perhaps have been, my readers will not charge him with a want of parental regard. He was a conscientious man, had high feelings and good thoughts; his perseverance was unbounded, his industry was equally great, and his energy was tremendous. But he was not a successful man. When he paced to and fro upon the pavement in Trafalgar Square even his greatest foe might have pitied him, could he have known the bitterness of his disappointment.

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only been used, in his memory, when the magistrates, "in quarter-sessions assembled," met to try prisoners in the old Town Hall; and on these occasions it is questionable whether the boys, who rolled themselves in the tan "nubbles," and pelted each other with the same, did not make more noise than the coaches and coal carts would have done over the boulders. But when the bark was strewed before a house in which death was busy, to keep the sick chamber quieter than fear and love keeps it, the sign was respected, and the knocker might have been left unmuffled.

Tom Titsy was standing in the street waiting to carry Jacob's box into the house. When the cart stopped, he came forward and assisted Jacob to alight; never uttering a word, but returning the pressure of Jacob's hand in a very different manner to the greeting at Cartown, when he accompanied Jacob and Mr. Morriston to Clumberside.

Will Tunster very quietly moved on his way, when Jacob and his luggage were in Tom Titsy's custody. Tom threw the box over his shoulder and preceded Jacob into the house.

"This way, sir," said a prim domestic, and Jacob was ushered into a very comfortable dining-room, which, in the old time, had been an ordinary parlour. At Jacob's request, Tom took a seat, and Jacob began to question him.

"How is poor father now, Tom?"

"Bad, Jacob; very bad," said Tom.

"But—but, Tom, there's no danger, eh?" Jacob inquired, in a faltering voice.

Tom moved uncomfortably in his chair, and held his head down, dejectedly.

"Don't be afraid, Tom; tell me truly. Tom, be honest with me."

But Tom maintained a miserable silence, broken only by a sigh that said all, and more than Jacob's worst fears had predicted since the mail-cart rolled softly on the bark carpet without.

"Illness isn't th' worst," at last Tom said, rising and striding across the apartment, with his lips compressed and his hands clenched.

"For God's sake, don't drive me mad!" exclaimed Jacob, rising and grasping Tom by the shoulder. "If you care anything about my friendship, tell me everything. Am I a fool? or a baby? or an idiot? that you hum and ha, and nod and sigh and trifle with me like this?" and Jacob's eyes flashed with indignation. "Will Tunster went on in the same way, and now you are —"

Tom turned round upon Jacob with a surprised look, and stopped him in the height of his indignant protest against further silence.

"Well then, Master Jacob, you shall know all. Pull thyself together, for thou'd need all thy strength if thou wer't as old as Methuselah. Look here, follow me; steady, steady," and Tom led the way towards the kitchen. The door being ajar, he requested Jacob to walk on tiptoe and take a peep towards the fire-place. Jacob did so, and saw a dwarfish looking man sitting in the chair which Jacob's mother had been

accustomed to use, and in which aunt Keziah sat, on the first night when she made her appearance at Middleton.

The stranger was by no means prepossessing in appearance. He looked like a combination of several people. The head was that of a tall, muscular man, and it was reclining on the body of a stiff, thickset dwarf, with the legs of a miner, who had bent them out of their natural shape by years of labour in narrow and stifling headings. This combination was evidently asleep with its legs on the fender.

Jacob gazed in astonishment for a few minutes, and then looked eagerly in Tom's face for some explanation.

"Don't you know him?" Tom inquired.

"No," said Jacob, following Tom into the dining-room.

"What! not know Barnaby the bum?"

"Yes, yes," said Jacob; but still he did not seem to understand what was the matter.

"Barnaby the bum-bailiff," said Tom in a whisper. "He's in possession of the place."

Jacob staggered to a chair, and Mrs. Gompson entered the room.

"Your father would like to see you, Jacob. Dear me, how you've altered!"

Aunt Keziah could not help giving this expression to her surprise, on finding the weakly boy of a few years ago, a fine handsome youth on the verge of manhood. She had a basin in one hand, and a napkin in the other, which she had picked up as an excuse for not shaking hands with her nephew. She felt, for a moment, half inclined to lay them down, on again looking at Jacob. But the old antipathy arose when Jacob treated her with the most complete indifference.

"Jacob," repeated Mrs. Gompson, "your father wishes to see you."

Jacob stared into vacancy, and remained silent.

"Well; it's hardly a time to try to make disturbances," said Mrs. Gompson, tossing her head, and walking away. "I was in hopes we might have been on better terms than before."

"Stay, stay; so we will be," said Jacob, rising. "I'm not well; I have heard worse news than I expected."

"Oh! of course," said aunt Keziah, glancing angrily at poor Tom; "there's always babblers to tell bad news fast enough."

Tom looked hurt at this taunt, but he was compensated by a kind, sympathizing, grateful glance from Jacob, who said,

"Tom did not wish to tell me."

"Of course not; making it appear all the worse by a little mystery," said aunt Keziah.

"Well, well; say no more about it," said Jacob, sorrowfully, "I will go to my father's room," and he followed Mr. Morriston's erratic sister to the staircase.

## CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH JACOB BECOMES PAINFULLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE CONDITION OF HIS FATHER, PHYSICALLY AND FINANCIALLY ; MAGAR AND JENNINGS HAVE AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW ; AND JACOB FINDS HIS PARADISE DESOLATED.

"WELL, Jacob, I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Morriston, in a weak voice, and raising himself higher upon the pillows which propped him up.

"I am so sorry, father," said Jacob, approaching close to the bed.

"Yes, you will be : it is a great pity. But I'm a little better, thank God ! this evening."

If he was a little better, an impartial judge would have said it was but the flicker of the lamp, before darkening for ever. Pale, and yet perspiring, Mr. Morriston looked so death-like, that Jacob's heart sank within him.

"Sit down, my boy," said Mr. Morriston, noticing Jacob's absorbed and sad look ; "sit down ; you may leave him with me a little, Keziah."

"Very well," said Jacob's aunt, in a much softer tone of voice than that in which she had ever spoken to her brother's son. "You must not talk too much ; be careful ; you are better with quiet."

"All right," said Jacob's father, "she has been very good, Jacob, very," he continued, as aunt Keziah left the room ; "and I've tried her patience."

"How long have you been ill, father?"

"I have not been well since I came from London, and I'm afraid there's a little disease of the heart ; but I'm getting on now ; oh, yes, I'm getting on. . . . So you will be glad to come home again, Jacob?"

"Yes, dear father, but I am so hurt to see you thus."

"Ah, no doubt, my boy ; but don't mind that ; I'm not so bad as you were, Jacob, when I carried you into the garden ; and yet what a strapping fellow you have grown."

"Aunt said you were not to talk too much, father," said Jacob, noticing that the invalid spoke louder, and was getting a little excited.

"Well—well, all right : come closer, then. I have long been thinking over what you have said in your letters, Jacob. You're a good fellow ; I'll see what is to be done. But I'll tell you, Jacob, I mean to dispose of the newspaper. It is harassing work, my boy. Never have anything to do with newspapers, except to read them. The work is like being on the tread-wheel in a gaol ; you are always toiling upwards, but the ladder is a revolving one, and your labour is never ended. No, Jacob, we'll have nothing to do with newspapers ; we'll live quietly and take our ease, and spend our leisure in cultivating flowers ; you won't be tired of living with your father in a peaceful contentment?"



"Tired, father? No!" said Jacob, inwardly praying that his father might be spared to such a future.

"Then you must think about it, Jacob, my boy, and we'll talk it all over to-morrow; yes, we'll talk it all over to—," and the speaker went off into a troubled sleep.

Jacob kneeled by the bedside, and buried his face in his hands.

By and bye aunt Keziah returned, and Mr. Morrision being still asleep, she thought Jacob had better go down-stairs. Complying with her request, he found Mrs. Titsy preparing tea for him. She had come to sit up with Mr. Morrision, as she had done on the previous night. Though a trifle more grave than usual, Mrs. Titsy had lost none of her rosy and buxom appearance; and her face brightened up at sight of Jacob. After a little while she entered freely into conversation, though she spoke in a whisper as if she was still in the sick-room. She said it was a bad business, but that they must all hope for the best.

"When was father taken ill, Mrs. Titsy?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, but it was that journey to London as upset him. He brought back wi' him a bad cold, and he's never been, nor looked the man he wor, since. The doctors had a consultation yesterday. It's the heart that's affected, they seem to think."

"Who are the doctors?"

"Well, one is Smythe, of course, and the other is a gentleman as never mixes medicine; he only gives his advice; he's a physician, and amazingly clever they say. Ah! them railway trains, there must be strange draughts in them in winter, and travelling all night, as Mr. Morrision did; why it wor enough for anybody to catch their death. But I have heard, Jacob, and from one who knows, that it is more than cold that has brought him down. He's been troubled in his mind a good deal about money; and what made him take to his bed was that he was going to insure his life a second time for a large sum, and the doctor as had to examine him wouldn't pass him; he told him he had disease of the heart."

"Was that in London?" Jacob inquired, neglecting altogether the hot tea and crumpets which Mrs. Titsy had placed before him.

"So I hear," said Mrs. Titsy. "It's no doubt preyed on his mind too. One's diseases are strong enough of themselves without our being told about 'em."

Jacob saw his father no more that night, though he sat up late. Quiet and repose were amongst the most important of the medical prescriptions; there was greater hope in the restoring power of sleep, than in the sundry tablespoonfuls of medicine, administered at intervals during both day and night. Sleep is a better nurse and a more potent doctor than all the world's colleges ever produced. But sleep will not always make her appearance when her soothing care is most required. Nature's nurse appeared to trifle with Jacob's father, now abiding with him, now leaving him to lie in lonely wakefulness, and think, think, think, until the brain

was weary, and sleep in pity stole to the bedside and softly closed the staring eyes. But the intervals of slumber were very brief, though there was not the smallest noise to disturb the patient, save when the sign of the "Durham Ox" creaked a slow rusty creak, out of compliment to a March breeze, just strong enough to salute it occasionally, as it passed along the street.

During the evening Jacob had a private interview with Mr. Julius Jennings, who looked many years older than he did when Jacob had last seen him. There were marks of care upon Mr. Jennings' brow that could not be mistaken, and he had contracted a watchful, suspicious, and restless look that did not at all tend to enhance the comfort of any person with whom he might be in conversation. When Jacob entered the counting-house, which before had been the stationery and book shop, Mr. Jennings was sitting on a stool at a mahogany desk, surrounded by a tall, brass railing, which supported sundry ledgers.

Wiping his pen upon his coat-sleeve, and descending, Mr. Jennings looked round, as if to see that nobody had entered besides Jacob, and then, without any further greeting than a nod, he motioned Jacob to a chair.

"You'll have heard, no doubt, something of what has taken place?"

"I have," said Jacob.

"About the fellow who occupies the kitchen?"

"Yea."

"Well, are you prepared to hear how matters stand, generally?"

"I am," said Jacob, looking defiantly at Jennings, as if he was prepared to meet the difficulty in mortal combat with his father's confidential man.

Mr. Jennings avoided Jacob's gaze, and proceeded to tell him that the concern was done up. "Debts, £2,500; assets, £2,500," he went on; "but assets not available, consisting of money expended on buildings, alterations, and machinery. Meeting of creditors on Mr. Morriston's return from London. Offered to assign everything to them, on condition that the paper was to be carried on for at least six months longer; and that if he succeeded in making it pay as well as expected, they would reconvey the property, with option of selling in meantime if a customer could be found. I advised your father to go into court and have a clean sweep at once, and one could have purchased under the bankruptcy. Refused, and concern went on as usual. £1000 of debts are bills, which have got into Magar's hands. Though Magar was puffed, on account of his benevolence some time ago, has been much dissatisfied this last year by some comments about corporation affairs, and there are eight or nine other magnates who are anxious to stop the paper. Got an editor from Brighton, or Hastings, or Leamington, or some place that way, who's not discreet, and he is severe on Magar's party. The end is, Magar has seized, and it's not unlikely the whole affair will go to the wall before the week's out.

This was a plain unvarnished statement, so unlike the manner of Mr. Jennings, that Jacob began to feel some little respect for that individual.

Mr. Jennings expressed no regret, and he did not exult. He omitted to use his customary scraps of texts and religious consolation. He treated the matter in a purely business light ; and Jacob received the statement of his father's position, calmly and firmly.

"Are you not a great friend of Mr. Magar's?" at length Jacob inquired.

"Not particularly," Jennings replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," said Jacob.

"You think I could influence him?" said Jennings.

"Yes."

"He's a stubborn fellow," said Jennings, with just a slight expression of contempt in the tone in which he spoke ; "but —," and then Mr. Jennings seemed to change his mind, and did not say what was evidently at the end of his tongue ready to follow the but. "You know," he went on, "when a man rises so high and gets on so fast as Mr. Magar, old friends who are a little behind-hand, are forgotten. Ah ! well, it's a queer world, a fool of a world, a contemptible world ;" and Mr. Jennings scowled sardonically upon all creation.

"And you think there's no chance of settling affairs," said Jacob, quite business-like, but with a most sickly sensation struggling beneath his waistcoat.

"I doubt not. If Mr. Bonsall were written to he might do something ; but your father has forbidden all communication with him. It was through Bonsall that the paper was started ; and it was to see him that your father went to London. Bonsall undertook to find £1000 when wanted, and refused all assistance when called upon. Instead of £1000 he offered your father a ten pound note."

The former dark expression, full of malicious contempt, sat upon Mr. Jennings' features as he repeated the story of Mr. Bonsall's infamous conduct, and then, in a burst of passion, which startled Jacob, he exclaimed, "Ten pounds ! I would have dashed it in his teeth !"

Jacob could not put away the thought that Mr. Jennings had greatly altered ; whether for the better or for the worse, however, he could not exactly satisfy himself. "No wonder, then, that father will not seek assistance there. I understand our visit to Clumberside now ; and why poor father was so dissatisfied," said Jacob.

"Well, that's all I have to say at present," said Mr. Jennings. "You had better go and look round the place. You have not seen the office. The men are at work late to-night. You mayn't have another opportunity."

"Shortly after Jacob had left the counting-house, Mr. Magar was ushered into it.

"I thought you wern't coming," said Mr. Jennings, walking to the door and carefully closing it after Magar's entrance.

"What, after I had promised?" said Magar, swelling with his own importance, and seating himself in the chair just vacated by Jacob.

"Promises are more easily made and less faithfully kept than they used to be," said Jennings, looking at Magar and adjusting his black cravat.

"Oh, indeed! Huffed! That's the game, is it? Thou'rt not so easily satisfied as thou used to be, Jennings," said Magar, rising and striding across the apartment.

"It's not much I ask now, friend Magar," Jennings replied.

"I tell you I can't do it. If it were my own affair, thou knows I would give way at once. They're determined to wipe the paper out, and I don't think the town will be injured if they do. A fellow with nothing in his fob shouldn't set them that have at defiance. They've never forgiven that corporation accounts attack, and there's lots of other scores to settle; and what's more, there's no chance, I hear, of Mr. Morriston getting better, and we don't mean his party to buy the paper, and we don't want it oursens because we've gotten one—so that's the straight-forward truth; and as I always like to be fair and above board, thou hast gotten it."

"Very well; now, hear what I have to say. You are aware that I never had much money, and that what I had I put into this business when it was badly needed, on the understanding that at Mr. Morriston's death I stood joint-heir with his son. Now I know that the concern will pay, and you know that there is more than twenty shillings to the pound now, if the property were fairly realized. Now, if you sell hastily, as you contemplate, you will make that twenty shillings no more than five, and destroy the copyright, which, in my opinion, would make the twenty shillings in the pound thirty. It is against my interest that you should do this."

"I said you should find £1000 put to your credit at the Cartown bank," said Magar.

"It is also against my wish," continued Jennings, without noticing Magar's remark. "Morriston has suffered undeservedly, and I'd like to have Bonsall on the hip."

"This is something new," said Magar, "getting sympathetic! ah! ah! thou'rt a changeable fellow."

"Well, I owe a bit of gratitude to Morriston; for one thing, I've been with him a good many years now."

"Well, let's have none of that humbug," said Magar; "it has been piety and religion up till now—thou'rt changing the cloak for pity and humbug; but we know each other, Jennings, and let's drop that, and talk like business men as we are."

"Very well, then," replied Jennings, thrusting his big hands into his pockets, and speaking in measured and emphatic tones. "Straight-forward and business-like as it pleaseth you. I *forbid* this seizure to-morrow."

An angry flush brightened up Magar's usually dull, cold eye, and he compressed his lips.

"I *command* you to have this Barnaby, the bailiff, withdrawn to-night. I've given way to you on too many occasions; I have pleaded; now I *command*." Jennings stamped his foot, and glanced furiously at his companion.

Magar walked to the door, opened it, looked out deliberately, then locked it inside, put the key into his pocket, and returned. Then approaching Jennings, who stepped back, he said, "We'd better have no eavesdroppers, nor witnesses; now, what do you mean?"

"What I say," said Jennings, regaining his self-possession.

"It can't be done. What, then?" said Magar, with equal resolution.

"It *must* be done."

"It *won't*," said Magar, striking the desk.

"Then *beware*! I've set my mind on it."

"You d——d villain," exclaimed Magar, suddenly seizing Jennings by the throat, and pinning him up against the fireplace, so ferociously that Jennings exhibited awful signs of choking. Then, as if relenting, he released his victim, with an oath, and pushing him contemptuously against the desk, said, "I'll teach thee to prate, thou miserable devil. Thou threaten, indeed! I'll put thee in Cartown gaol before the night's out," and he marched to and fro like a caged hyena.

Jennings, who had been attacked too suddenly, and treated too roughly to retaliate, made no reply. Magar gradually became calmer. At length there was a mutual silence that lasted some minutes, during which Magar drew a cheque-book from his pocket and began to write, and Jennings adjusted his neck-tie, having this time much more cause for so doing than he had half an hour before.

"What a passionate devil I am," at length Magar exclaimed, approaching Jennings, who instinctively seized a heavy ruler and put himself into an attitude of defence.

"Oh, don't be afraid; it's all over. You shouldn't have aggravated me, Jennings. You know my temper. Now, look here, this is a cheque for five hundred pounds, payable in a week's time. When thou's cashed that, I've another for thee."

Jennings nodded in reply, and permitted Magar to lay the cheque down before him.

"Come, your hand," said Magar; "we *must* be friends. I ask your pardon for my little outbreak."

Jennings gave his hand and said good-night.

"Are we friends?" inquired Magar.

"We are," said Jennings.

"Then, good-night," said Magar, in reply, taking the key from his pocket, unlocking the door, and disappearing.

"Friends! friends!" mumbled Jennings when he was gone. "Yes, as tigers in a cage, when one fears the other too much to show his teeth. But there shall be a settling for this, my *friend*; there shall be a

settling ;" and Mr. Jennings shook his clenched fist in the direction in which Mr. Magar was supposed to be walking on his way homewards.

"Oh, if he but lived the life I live ! that would be the greatest punishment of all," continued Jennings, still soliloquizing. "But physical pain is all he can feel, and the punishment must be great, even then, that penetrates his thick carcase. I almost envy him the possession of that hard, cold heart, and the very assumption of charity with which he glosses over that brutal nature. But why prate I thus ? as though I were a saint. Away dark thoughts ! Down—down busy memory ! The reckoning is not yet !"

After delivering himself of these rambling words, now between his teeth, now in violent whispers, Julius Jennings threw his arms upon the desk and his head upon his arms, in which position he remained for several minutes. Then looking up, he surveyed the apartment with a vacant stare ; and in a dreamy fashion folded up Magar's cheque, and put it into a pocket-book, closed his ledgers, placed them in his desk, and locked the latter, lighted a small wax-taper, changed his coat for one that hung on a set of ornamental pegs, turned off the gas, and went out at the same door as that which had so recently closed upon the burly form of Ephraim Magar, twice mayor of Middleton-in-the-Water, and a magistrate of that famous borough.

When Jacob left the counting-house he acted upon the advice which Mr. Jennings had given him, and proceeded to inspect his father's printing-office. The night was dark, and he could not see the transformation which the favourite garden had undergone. He could feel the change nevertheless ; and from the light which illuminated every window of the office that had been built up against the factory, he had, if I may so speak, glimpses of the loved flower-beds that were not. Memory filled up blanks that were startling things to Jacob, even in the uncertain light by which printers were picking up letters and fixing them in metal frames. Indeed, Jacob was glad that he saw so dimly, for he felt that his boyish paradise was destroyed—that the spirit of his mother no longer hovered here—that his brother's violet had ceased to bloom (he knew that the factory angel was far away)—and he shuddered at the distant noise of the water leaping over the weir of the mill-dam. What a change was here ! And yet all this sacrifice to Mammon, or to whomsoever or whatsoever it had been made, was only to end in disaster.

Mr. Morriston's unhappy son wandered on, up to the building which desecrated his once fair spot. The door was open. He ascended a flight of steps, and found himself in a spacious room, the atmosphere of which reminded him of one of Mr. Bonsall's pine-houses, and the glare of which somewhat startled him. A number of men in their shirt-sleeves were actively engaged in the business of setting up type from copy of various descriptions. When he entered, several eyes were turned towards him. Tom Titsy was not in the room, and nobody seemed to care who their



visitor might be, except a boy, who asked if Jacob wanted the editor, to which Jacob replied in the negative, and entered an adjoining apartment, which was strewn with scraps of paper and mutilated newspapers, and smelt strongly of sour paste. There was a table in the centre of the room, upon which the confusion of paper on the floor was repeated, with the variation of a few stray books, several quill pens, a bottle, and a jar. A shaded gas-light burnt dimly over the table, and left in shadow a couple of busts, which occupied two brackets above the fire-place.

Whilst Jacob was contemplating this journalistic chaos, a gentleman, with a shuffle and a jump, entered the room, and turned on the gas; whereupon Jacob saw that the new comer was a man of middle age, with a large quantity of hair, in great disorder, and a good humoured face, though not what might perhaps be called a prepossessing one.

"Good evening, sir," said the stranger, throwing back a loose coat and disclosing a light waistcoat, a low collar, and a loose neckerchief.

Jacob returned the salutation.

"Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" inquired the gentleman, taking from his waistcoat pocket a pair of green spectacles, which he rubbed energetically.

"I am Mr. Morriston's son, sir," said Jacob.

"Oh! indeed—delighted to see you—I am Mr. Morriston's editor—take a seat, sir, I pray—rather in confusion to-night—day before publication—you'll feel it hot—I am sorry you found poor Mr. Morriston so ill—good man, sir—kind-natured, independent, noble-spirited man, sir," rattled on Mr. Windgate Williams. "There's my card, sir, a little soiled, like its owner; ah, ah! never mind; we all get soiled in this world."

Jacob took the card, read the name, and sat down, up to the knees in old newspapers; but Mr. Williams gave him no opportunity to assent or dissent to his remarks, which flowed from him in an incessant chatter.

"I hope Mr. Morriston will be enabled to manage his affairs—fine property, the *Star*—double itself in a few years—great pity if such a calamity should occur as a stoppage; but we must bend to the decrees of Fate. I have thought of getting up a company to carry it on, with Mr. Morriston as chairman; most perfect establishment you see—capital offices—beautiful situation—factory rather a nuisance sometimes; but we must take the agreeable with the disagreeable—nothing is perfection in this world—excuse my green specs; disfigure and make one look strange, I know, but the eyes get weak with so much work by gas-light—will you take a drink of stout? obliged to have something on these busy nights;" and Mr. Windgate Williams poured a glassful of stout, and handed it to Jacob, which Jacob drunk, preferring it to the pouring forth of the editorial eloquence.

At this juncture, a boy entered, inquiring for a proof of something or other, whereupon Mr. Williams began to make his desk in a greater state of confusion than ever, and Jacob thought it a good opportunity

to escape, which he did, saying that he would not detain Mr. Williams any longer.

"You are very kind," said that gentleman; "business must be attended to, certainly; very considerate; I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again," and the editor followed Jacob up with a running fire of words, until both were out on the steps, and Jacob gradually got beyond the sound of the editorial voice.

The doctor had just left Mr. Morriston when Jacob entered the house again; so he went up-stairs, and stood by his father's bedside, and held his hand; Mr. Morriston did not speak, but he looked affectionately upon his son.

Long after his father had dozed off to sleep again, Jacob sat there, holding the clammy hand, and trying to collect his faculties for meeting the troubles which seemed to be hemming him in on all sides. Mrs. Titsy sat looking on, with her heart too full to speak, and her eyes too damp to see more than the form of Jacob.

"Will you not go to bed?" at length asked Mrs. Titsy, in a whisper, when the candle had burnt itself almost into the socket, and a long black tottering wick, like a small bulrush, stood above it.

"No, thank you," said Jacob; "no, thank you, I would rather sit here."

When you and I are ill, my friend, may we have by our pillow two souls as careful of our every want, and as solicitous for our recovery, as these two before us. And may we be as patient as poor Mr. Morriston. He knew that the nature of his disease required submission and calmness; and for Jacob's sake he wished to be spared. Yet had he cause for restlessness, though he knew nothing of Debt's policeman who sat in the kitchen below. But he was fully aware of the fact that years of hard-earned savings, the fruits of incessant toil, had been scattered to the winds. And all he now looked forward to was a small competency, though he had no really definite reason for hoping to obtain that. It was a hard lot: sometimes he could not help thinking so, and then he remembered the injunction of the doctors not to let anything trouble him, and he dismissed the disagreeable thoughts. Hope, heaven's comforting minister, raised up the sinking soul and gave it glimpses of a misty future, with gleams of sunshine in it; and the patient needed this lifting up, or the spirit within him had long since departed.

Ah! you may watch, Jacob, and wonder how 'twill be to-morrow. But if He who gave that life, now wavering in the balance, has willed that to-morrow the allotted time is up, the wounded heart must be content to make room for more dead hopes, and the likeness of another dead face. Pray that, when the inevitable hour shall come, the sufferer may find the better land, where peace is perfect peace, and love is the fulfilment of the soul's highest dreams of happiness, when, in this world below, it first looks beyond itself and becomes kindred with another.

## CHAPTER XXII.

DESCRIBES THE SIEGE AND ATTACK OF THE "STAR" PRINTING-OFFICE; AND  
NARRATES ALL THE HUMOUROUS AND MELANCHOLY INCIDENTS THEREOF.

It seemed as though the morning would never come. Daylight lingered behind the clouds of Night, as if the two had leagued together to keep Middleton in perpetual darkness. Jacob had dozed occasionally, and Mrs. Titsy had fallen asleep once or twice; but both woke up again before the eyelids had thoroughly closed, and mentally chid themselves for want of thought and attention. Mr. Morriston had slept but little during the night. He had lain awake and heard the church clock strike hour after hour without the knowledge of his watchers. Several candles had burned out and been replaced by others—as we shall burn out some day, and have our successors; and yet the morning came not. Jacob went to the window and gently drew the blind aside, when the clock seemed to indicate that the night had long since been over; but a few stars were still shining through black piles of clouds, and the sign of the "Durham Ox" was swaying to and fro. Then, by degrees, the wind increased in strength, and struck the window and gave the "Durham Ox" rough knocks as it passed. Jacob wondered if it was shaking the trees round Lucy's dwelling, and it gave him a pang of sorrow to think how grieved Lucy would be to hear of the misfortunes which had befallen him. And the wind grew more boisterous still. It had come for miles and miles over sea and land, and was gathering its forces in the Midland counties. It had rolled into foam the deep waters, and had awakened echoing voices in many a sea-swept cavern. It had driven the clouds of night before it, and had left shivered masts and sinking ships behind. Wise mariners, who had caught the first sounds of its hoarse voice, had sought shelter in various creeks and broad bays; and it was too proud and haughty to seek them out, though they tossed and trembled as the giant, passed by in full cry, with clouds of sea gulls screaming overhead. Morning began to show gray streaks in the east as the wind came ashore, and the cloud-mountains drove before it in black shreds and ugly rags. On land nothing was too trivial for the notice of this mighty wind. It carried tiles off houses—it blew down straw stacks—it banged doors open, and frightened children nearly into fits—it shook new buildings to pieces, and tore up trees by the roots; now and then there was a rough rollicking humour in its doings—it lifted watchmen off their feet, and set them down again—it shouted down chimneys—it bellowed round corners, and it roused sleepers from their beds by smashing glass and yelling amidst the crash of parting window frames. When it reached Middleton it rested awhile, and took a survey of the place, feeling its way about the narrow streets and round the curious gables, and over the red-tiled pointed-house-tops; and then it scattered the remnants of night's

dark mantle, blew out the two or three remaining stars, and roared and shouted and raved, and tore up and down the streets and over the houses with maddened glee. Mr. Morriston grew restless, and complained that the wind affected his head. What cared the wind for that? If ten thousand heads had ached it would not have bated a jot of its rough humour; so it shook Mr. Morriston's house, banged at the bed-room windows, whooped up the passage by the side of the counting-house, rushed through the garden, blew the smoke from the factory chimney away into the fields, bounded off over the meadows, made the miller tremble for his house, threw the water over the weir in white clouds of spray, returned, came up the streets of Middleton again, ran away with the caps of men on their way to work, blew the factory girls' petticoats about, and made them pull their shawls tightly round them, knocked down a boy who was opening his master's shop just as he had removed the first shutter, and made all such signs as those of the "Durham Ox," which hung upon hinges, creak, and groan, and scream as though they were in pain.

Thus was a stormy day stormily ushered in. It was the day on which it was in the power of the most relentless and malicious of Mr. Morriston's creditors to remove his goods, and chattels, and types, and machinery, to a convenient place of sale, if they so wished, or on which day they might sell them, if prior and proper notice had been given. But no sale had been announced, and the few offended public men who wished to put out the *Middleton Star* had no desire that their designs should be made public too soon. Their proceedings had been organized and managed by one Grippe, a lawyer of Middleton, whose membership of the Zion chapel, and whose preaching twice a-week, and whose religious whinings every day, had not shielded him from the columns of the *Star*, when he had been false to his public trust, though it had aided him in guiding the greater portion of the Charity Trustees' funds into his own pocket. Grippe was therefore determined to make a clean sweep on this stormy day, the more so that Mr. Morriston was in bed, and could not interfere. As ten o'clock struck, he ascended the printing-office stairs, with a compositor from an adjacent town, and an auctioneer, and notwithstanding a rushing torrent of indignant remonstrance and inquiry from Mr. Windgate Williams, the auctioneer began to make a note of what he saw, aided by the technical explanations of the strange compositor. Mr. Morriston's men permitted this to go on until a couple of stout labourers made their appearance, and were instructed by Grippe to begin the removal of sundry articles, known as chesses and column rules.

"Oh! this will not do! the law will not permit it; the thing's illegal; you are bent upon destruction, not upon realizing the amount of your just claim, whatever that may be; put down those chesses," exclaimed Mr. Williams, who had shuffled and jumped upon the scene, with a bundle of proofs just taken up for correction.

Upon this, Tom Titsy and several other persons put down their work, and sauntered up to the spot where the editor was disputing with the man of law.

"This is our authority," said Mr. Gripps, exhibiting an official-looking roll of paper.

"I care neither for you nor your authority," said Mr. Williams, closing the office door and locking it. "You shall not stop the publication of this paper, to-day; you will destroy the copyright."

"Quite right!" "Hear, hear!" "Just so," cried the printers; whilst Tom Titsy laid his hand upon the shoulder of one of the stout labourers.

"Remove those articles," said Mr. Gripps.

"Printers!" exclaimed Mr. Williams; "and you more especially, Mr. Overseer," addressing a middle-aged gentleman, who looked exceedingly bewildered; "it is your duty and mine to publish Mr. Morriston's newspaper this day; no law will sanction the destruction of the copyright of this journal, as these men maliciously contemplate; laws were not made to minister to the bad passions of human nature, or to aid a canting hypocrite in satisfying his devil's prayers. If you allow this wickedness to proceed, you are the veriest lot of chicken hearts that ever stood at cases, and followed the glorious profession of Caxton."

"Put down them traps," said Tom Titsy to one of the stout porters, as the editor was running his fingers wildly through his hair, at the close of his address; "put down them traps."

The porter hesitated, which was unfortunate for him.

"Then go down thysen," said Tom, seizing the chesses with one hand, and felling the deputy-bailiff with the other.

"No blows! no blows!" exclaimed Mr. Williams; "let us keep within the law;" but like many a revolutionary orator, Mr. Windgate Williams had raised the storm, and found the tempest beyond his control.

When stout porter No. 1 was down, No. 2 showed fight, and there was a general attack in consequence.

The strange compositor was carried to a trough and held there, whilst a jet of water was turned playfully in his face.

The auctioneer closed his book, and struggled in the arms of a couple of men, who quickly deposited him outside the door, and told him to thank his stars that he had not gone through the window.

Porter No. 2 soon succumbed, and was glad to scramble, with No. 1, after the auctioneer. The strange compositor was carried wet and limp to the staircase, and was allowed to slide to the bottom, on his back. Mr. Gripps gesticulated, and roared, and threatened Mr. Williams with transportation for life; and the printers seemed too much delighted with the wordy encounter between the two chiefs to interfere, beyond applauding the sallies of Mr. Williams, and hissing the threats of Gripps the lawyer.

"Sir," at length shouted the editor, throwing back his loose coat, taking a sort of a hop skip and jump towards Mr. Gripps, and almost

screaming with excitement, "leave this room, sir; leave this room, or in two moments I'll not answer for the consequences."

"I'll have you put in the darkest cell in Middleton lock-up, breaker of the Queen's peace! murderer of the Queen's English!" shouted Gripps in reply, and flourishing his roll of official paper, as if it were a marshal's baton.

This was too much—"murderer of the Queen's English!"—Mr. Williams could never stand that.

"You canting rascal," said the editor, rushing upon Mr. Gripps, and shaking him by the collar, until the marshal's baton flew over his head, and the legal watch leaped from the legal pocket, and dashed itself against a heavy eye-glass, until both were broken.

"You blaspheming imp of darkness; you parchment-visaged cackler," went on the maddened editor, shaking the lawyer, until both were nearly out of breath.

"Hear, hear;" "Bravo, bravo;" "Encore;" "Give it him," shouted the printers, until at length, by some unlucky mischance, Gripps got his fingers, like the talons of an eagle, fastened amongst the editorial hair, and the editorial teeth chattered (as if the editorial mouth had been full of dominoes) with the violent motion of the bewildered cranium.

Their sympathies being of course more on the side of the editor than with the lawyer, the printers thought it was time to part the combatants, for just then Mr. Williams was decidedly getting the worst of the encounter; so they seized Mr. Gripps, and as he seemed disinclined to loosen his grip of the editorial locks, Tom Titsy gave him a slight reminder under the fifth rib, upon which the lawyer released his possession of the head, but not without removing therefrom a large quantity of the hirsute growth which had thatched that intellectual locality.

"Now, be off, sir," said several voices. "Hook it while you can;" "Take the steps in preference to the window;" and Mr. Gripps was wise enough to accept the warning.

"And take your authority with you, you pounce-box, do," shouted Mr. Williams, tossing the marshal's baton after him.

Then a council of war was held on both sides. The first command of Mr. Windgate Williams was: "Secure the outer doors! fasten all the windows! and let one man cease work and keep guard and give warning of danger. They may come in force now; if we can hold out until sundown, we can contrive to get to press, and then the copy-right will be secure for another week; by which time fresh arrangements may be made, and a seizure is illegal after sun-set."

In the offices of Mr. Gripps were assembled Mr. Magar and the wronged cabinet-maker, who had wished, as a town councillor, to purchase a piece of corporate land for a mere song; a pious currier, who was in the habit of attending the ministrations of the pious lawyer; and several other members of the clique which objected to the murky ray of light that radiated from the Morristonian printing-office. Gripps described the murderous attack



to which he had been subjected, and demanded that the whole affair should now be left entirely in his hands. The meeting cordially assented to this, and broke up, to talk about the strange occurrences of the morning, and try to satisfy their small consciences by saying to themselves, "Well, we have left the affair in the hands of our lawyer, and of course we cannot be blamed for what may take place;" only they did not put their thoughts into such good English.

An hour afterwards, Mr. Gripps, followed by a little army of the scum of Middleton—dog stealers, innkeepers' cads, reputed thieves, deputy-bailiffs, and others—entered the counting-house of Mr. Morriston, and demanded a free entrance into the printing-office.

Mr. Jennings, who had heard of what had taken place, referred Gripps to Mr. Windgate Williams, and followed it up by hoping that Mr. Gripps had not suffered much from the striking remarks of the editor.

Seeing that he could obtain no assistance here, the lawyer proceeded with his forces to the siege of the typographical fortress.

"It's a dangerous game you're playing—have a care; stop this seizure," Mr. Jennings wrote on a scrap of paper, and sent it in an envelope to Mr. Magar.

Meanwhile Jacob left his father for a short time, and proceeded to seek out Mr. Horatio Johnson, who, according to Mrs. Titsy, would be at home during the whole of the day.

The people stared at Mr. Morriston's son, as he passed along the streets. Some knew him, and thought he had grown wonderfully proud since he had left the old town, and said, ah, pride would have a fall. Others pitied him, said he was a fine fellow, and that it was a sad thing a young man's prospects should be blighted, as his were likely to be. Jacob passed along, unconscious of these observations, but nevertheless quite cognizant of the fact that he was being stared at.

Half a dozen pigeons were blowing about, like bundles of feathers, over the thatched cottage of the Titsy's, as Jacob entered it, and when he opened the front door, that at the back was slammed, with a shock that seemed to make the little house shake to its foundation. The doctor was taking a morning pipe, and blowing the smoke amongst the chimney ornaments as usual. He rose as Jacob entered, and looked towards him as if awaiting an explanation of the intrusion. Then, all of a sudden, he knew Jacob, and his face lighted up with a smile of intense satisfaction.

"The times are out of joint, as the saying is," said Mr. Johnson, after sundry cordial greetings and inquiries, and good wishes, and admiring expressions regarding Jacob's improvement, "The times are out of joint, Master Jacob. We shall need all our philosophy, to say nothing of our tobacco, to bear the changes that seem to be coming upon us; but it's a moral law is change, a law of nature, a law of society, and we must learn to take things as they come, with resignation."

Mr. Johnson seated himself, as he gave forth these little scraps of

philosophy, and tried to look exceedingly contented ; but Jacob could see that he was feigning.

"I have encountered too many troubles in this vale of tears to quarrel with the happiness still left ; and you, Master Jacob, must apply yourself to philosophy. It will triumph over all difficulties and disappointments. And don't forget, if ever you should come to want a friend, that Horatio Johnson will deem it an honour and a pleasure to be commanded by you."

"I am already under an eternal obligation to you, Mr. Johnson, if my life was worth the saving," said Jacob, a good deal moved at the doctor's earnest and delicate proffer of assistance.

"No, no, Jacob ; don't thank me. Nature performed the cure, and your time was not come. There is a divinity doth shape our ends, Jacob, and I was but fate's minister. If I had not been here ready to his hand, the destiny you have to fulfil would have found another agent. Things must be done regularly and properly, and in a natural manner ; but fate, sir, fate will have its own way."

"Then, don't you think fate is a hard master sometimes?" inquired Jacob.

"Truly, truly," said the doctor ; "but it's not in mortals to say when fate is hard, and when it is kind and merciful ; we must not look at events as they present themselves at the moment, but keep our eye forward into the future. You know what the old song says—

"For there's many a dark and cloudy morning  
Brings forth a pleasant day."

After which illustration the doctor enlarged further upon this fruitful theme, but only to make Jacob more and more satisfied that everybody was preparing him for a dark and heavy blow.

Whilst they were conversing, Gripps and his ragamuffin army passed the house, and the doctor went forth to inquire the reason of the commotion. When he opened the door they had turned the corner of the street, and the wind was howling after them. A small boy was running in the wake of the mob and the gust of wind ; and to this juvenile piece of human nature the doctor addressed himself.

"Hallo, boy ! what's the matter ?"

"The *Middleton Star*," shouted the youngster running on, and then in a gasp, which a new gust of wind cut short, he ejaculated, "Row at Morriston's."

Jacob, following the doctor, heard this, and without another word dashed out into the street, and speedily outstripped the urchin ; whilst the doctor hastily followed, bethinking himself to carry with him a walking-stick which had hung beneath the clock case for many a long year. And another important character went in the wake of the doctor : this was our old friend Caesar, who, less nimble than of yore, had lain

beneath the stairs without condescending even to pay his compliments to Jacob.

They reached Mr. Morriston's establishment, just as Mr. Gripps had left the counting-house. Mr. Jennings speedily informed them of the situation of affairs, and Jacob and the doctor and Julius Jennings went after the besieging army.

And now, for the first time, Jacob saw the change which had been wrought in his garden. The favourite seat had gone; the flower-beds had been replaced with grass; a wide, hard stony path led up to the printing offices; a few trees remained; and the whole scene was so totally different to what it had been, that the change seemed to strengthen Jacob's memory of its former beauties.

Mr. Windgate Williams was haranguing the besiegers from the window of the editorial room. He was appealing to the minions of Gripps as working-men and lovers of freedom, in whose interests the *Star* had been established; he enjoined them to be patient and respect the law. He was throwing back his loose coat, and running his fingers through his hair, and pouring out a volume of words that seemed to roll over each other, and fall in showers upon the heads of those below.

Blackguards as they were, the hired mob, who had been bellowing for admission into the printing-office, evidently did not like the work in which they were engaged, and they never attempted to interrupt the the eloquence of Mr. Windgate Williams.

"This is waste of time," said Mr. Gripps at length, "waste of time. I summon you to open these doors, in the name of the law, and of its powers which I now hold in my hand," flourishing the paper baton.

"If you will give me your word in writing that nothing shall be removed for one week, you shall be admitted immediately," said Mr. Williams.

"I will do nothing of the sort, and you may think yourself fortunate if I do not give you into the hands of the police besides," replied Gripps, in a harsh, crackling voice.

"The object of this attack—"

"I'll hear no more, sir."

"The object I say of this—"

"Open the door, sir," demanded Mr. Gripps.

"Hear what he has to say," said Dr. Johnson, coming forward.

"Aye, aye," said several voices; 'Let's hear what he's gotten to say.'

"The object of this attack is not fairly to satisfy a legal claim, but to ruin Mr. Morriston and destroy his paper."

"Mr. Morriston, who at this moment lies dangerously ill!" said Dr. Johnson, whilst Jacob held his head down in sorrow and humiliation.

"What have we to do with that?" said a brutal fellow, with a black eye which he had received the week before from a man at whose house he had seized for rent, and had dragged the bed from beneath a dying infant—"What have we to do wi' illness, or out else? law's law, and

when a man wants his money, let it be paid ; and if it can't, why, let's have the traps—that's law !”

“You wretch !” exclaimed the editor.

“That *is* law,” croaked Gripps, “and here is our authority. There is five shillings for each of you when the work is done. Now then burst open those doors.”

“Wait ! wait ! wait a moment,” exclaimed the doctor, facing half-a-dozen of the most brutal of the mob who were pressing forward to execute this command ; “if it's a matter of money, I'll give you ten shillings each to do nothing of the sort, and a trifle into the bargain if you'll throw this grasping lawyer into the mill-dam yonder.”

“Hurrah !” shouted the mob ; “hurrah !” and several sticks and hats flew up into the air, and so fickle were the retainers of Gripps, that had it not been for the arrival of two constables and the police superintendent, there is no knowing what might have become of the besieging chief.

“Here's th' constables,” said the brute with the black eye at this juncture, “ax them ! ax them !”

Mr. Gripps stepped up to the superintendent and explained the case, finally asking if the document he held in his hand did not give him the power to force an entrance into yon building and remove its contents.

The superintendent said it did, whereupon Mr. Gripps demanded the assistance of the police ; but the superintendent explained that they had no power unless a breach of the peace was committed, and being satisfied that such would be the case, and having more regard for his own neck and the safety of his men than anything else, he marched from the scene of the encounter, after giving a general caution, and requesting Mr. Gripps to do what he had to do lawfully.

“But you must stay, sir, you must stay,” said Gripps.

“That is my business,” said the superintendent ; “I give my countenance to neither side, and my presence is best dispensed with. So, men—attention ! right about face ! march !” and the police disappeared.

“Hurrah,” shouted the mob again.

“Now, my men,” said Gripps, “bailiffs to the front ! and especially those who wish to keep their situations.”

“Aye, aye, that's it,” said the scoundrel with the black eye, placing himself at the head of a few resolute-looking fellows who prepared to advance.

“One last word, one last word,” shouted the editor from his high place, and by this time sundry faces appeared at other windows.

“Hear him, hear him,” said some of the mob.

“All I have to say is this,” began Mr. Williams, deliberately flinging back his coat, as if he were a barrister pleading at the bar, and then raising his right arm as if he were a warrior about to command a charge ; “I give you fair warning, I caution you in the name of God and the law, not to enter here ; for, by heavens, I swear that the first head which comes through yon door-way might as well be on the block. Dante's

Inferno has no more fanciful terrors than the reality shall be for the first man who crosses the portals of the offices of the *Middleton Star*," with which threat Mr. Williams banged down the window, and simultaneously disappeared the heads which had been seen in the composing-room.

For a few minutes there was a dead silence. Mr. Johnson looked at Jacob, and Jacob, humiliated though he felt, had gradually entered into the excitement of the moment, and could not resist an exclamation of admiration and approval at the gallant bearing of the gentleman whom he had considered rather a bore on the previous night.

"He defies you, he defies you," said Mr. Grippe at length; "and here's a young puppy applauding him," turning to Jacob.

"Bridle that tongue," said Dr. Johnson to Grippe, "or I'll tear it from your throat, you pettifogging rascal."

Jacob felt his blood boiling.

"Hear that, hear that; a pretty set of cowards you are," said Grippe, turning his small eyes upon his motley crew, "bullied on both sides—a sovereign for the first man who puts his foot through yon door."

The black-eyed villain leaped forward at the offer, followed by several others, and Jacob's heart beat as though it would burst, when ringing knocks on the door rose above the clamour of discordant voices.

Then there was a crash, and a cry, and the besieging host fell back, yelling, down the stone steps before a charge from above.

Windgate Williams had been as good as his word. Black-eye was bleeding from a wound in the head.

The door was slammed to again, and sounds were heard as if the printers were nailing it up.

Cæsar hearing Tom's voice, grew terribly excited, barked and rushed up the steps, and forced himself through the aperture which had been made by the first assault, that had proved so disastrous to Grippe's principal villain.

There was another pause, and if Mr. Windgate Williams had been discreet as well as brave, he would not have interrupted it; but he had received an ugly knock on the nose, and the sight of his own blood lost him all control over his actions.

"You infernal rascals! you scum of a black and ungrateful town! you cowardly miscreants!" he shouted, leaning half way out of the window, "I'll pound you like corn between mill-stones, if you don't disperse."

"Hear that, you cowards!" shouted Grippe; "he'll pound you like flour; you, the scum of Middleton; infernal rascals, he calls you."

This was irresistible. Grippe knew how to influence a mob. A second charge was made, and there was a desperate fight, this time within the composing-room, which, by sheer force of numbers, the besiegers entered.

Mr. Johnson and Jacob followed, and succeeded in getting inside the room, where they found the printers, headed by Williams, contesting every step of ground, and using all manner of weapons. Blood was flow-

ing freely, cases of type were toppled over, and in a few moments several persons were placed *hors de combat*.

At length the printers gave way, and the fighting gradually became less furious and then mutually ceased; whereupon Mr. Grippe, who had kept in the background, came to the front, and no sooner did he show himself than Mr. Williams leaped upon him. There was a shout of "fair play," and "let them fight it out," and the battle of the two hosts suddenly became an encounter between the two chiefs.

Williams and Grippe tugged at each other and rolled on the floor, and got up and fell down again, until Grippe refused to rise, and cried for mercy, whereupon the victorious editor, exclaiming, "Printers, give in! you are an honour to your country!" mingled amongst the throng and disappeared.

Nobody seemed desirous of fighting any longer, and when peace was restored, and the wounded were being removed, the police once more appeared.

Several persons were seriously hurt. One man had his leg badly lacerated by the bite of a dog. Black-eye had sought the infirmary after the first attack. The compositor from an adjacent town, who had been under the tap an hour or two previously, was carried insensible to Dr. Smythe's. Three deputy-bailiff's were much bruised, and black eyes and bleeding noses were too numerous to enumerate. Tom Titsy was amongst the bleeding noses, and even Dr. Johnson had a contused eye.

The superintendent of police took a note of all this; but as, he said, there seemed a legal quibble—a question whether Grippe was not a trespasser, he could not comply with the lawyer's request to apprehend several of Mr. Morriston's men; neither could he take any of the other side into custody. Those who liked might apply for summonses or warrants to the magistrates. He would advise all those who wished for ulterior proceedings to see Squire Northcotes.

When he found his adversary gone, Grippe began to give orders for the removal of the type, directing his first attention to two pages of the paper ready for the press.

"These first, these first, you rascal," he exclaimed to one of his leading men; "give a hand here, give a hand, and on to your heads with them."

"No! no! for goodness sake," said Jacob, who had some knowledge of printing, "you will destroy them."

"Stand aside, young prater; I'm master here."

"Speak as you should do," said Jacob, clenching his teeth and his fist at the same time, "or I'll finish the work begun by the editor."

"Braggart! puppy! son of a bankrupt!" said Grippe in reply, anxious to have a clear case of assault in the presence of the police.

Jacob had suffered too much already to put up with this open insult. His eyes blazed with fury and indignation, and never was man more completely "floored" than Mr. Grippe, who lay as quietly after it as if it was pleasant to be knocked down. A constable raised him up, and, by signs



and gasps, Mr. Gripps endeavoured to impress everybody with the information that he was very badly hurt, as no doubt he was, taking into consideration all he had undergone during the morning. His first words were a request that the policeman would take Jacob into custody.

The officer said he was sorry to decline, but he must nevertheless ; at the same time, he advised Mr. Gripps not to call names.

"Come, then, on to your heads with that stuff," said Gripps to the two men who had each raised a page of the *Middleton Star* which was to have been printed that afternoon. Jacob found it was useless to remonstrate, and the two men putting their heads beneath the locked-up type, immediately had it all breaking and falling over their shoulders, leaving the iron frames round their necks. This was a fearful blow for the *Star*, which from that moment was defunct, even had Gripps removed nothing else, and had not type of the smallest kind been bundled pell-mell into sacks and boxes like old nails.

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(To be continued.)

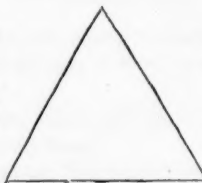
## IN MEMORIAM: RICHARD WHATELY.

"WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

SCRIPTURAL phraseology, in its direct simplicity, is not commonly applicable to men and things; but when it really is so, the words of Holy Writ lend a force and sweetness to the subject which cannot be surpassed. We may, therefore, forego the use of all ordinary terms of eulogy, and commence what it is our privilege to draw—a brief sketch of the life of the *well-beloved* RICHARD WHATELY, late the Most Reverend Archbishop of Dublin, whose character, now the sun is gone down, stands out clearly defined on that western ridge of light which succeeds the death-day of all men who have lived in the front of observation, as did Dr. Whately for *forty* years.

Those forty years furnish ample materials for three bulky volumes, that might be well filled with great questions, events and changes, in which the late Archbishop took a prominent part; nevertheless, we may make the attempt of grouping these materials in a few pages, since they resolve themselves into the form of an equilateral triangle, the base being formed of Dr. Whately's career at Oxford; the upward slope, of some twenty years as Educational Reformer and the initiator of Ecclesiastical Liberality; whilst the downward slope of the life just ended is the last ten years, which have passed in a serenity of love, yet with an intellectual activity that brightened repose to the very verge of existence. The following figure will impress these eras of Dr. Whately's life on the reader:—

AS ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN  
FROM 1831 TO 1852, WHEN  
HE WITHDREW FROM THE  
BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS  
OF NATIONAL EDUCATION  
IN IRELAND.



OXFORD CAREER.

FROM 1852 TILL THE 8TH OF  
OCTOBER 1863, THE DAY  
OF HIS DEATH.

The following details will support the above arrangement, and coldly as they fall about one who was animating life with his life one little month ago, there is hearty comfort in remembering the *well-beloved* Archbishop has left behind him a high reputation for intellectual ability, a stainless character as a priest, very many friends and admirers as a man, and it may be truly said, as his highest praise, not one enemy.

In Cavendish Square, on the 1st of February 1787, Richard Whately was born, being the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Whately, of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, a prebendary of Bristol. He came of a race remarkable for intellectual activity, whose members had illustrated the periods of history in which they lived. His uncle William was the author of "Remarks on the Characters of Shakespeare," a work of considerable merit, and well known to Shakespearian scholars. At Oriel College, Oxford, whither he went, he quickly attracted general notice, taking at Michaelmas term, 1808, a second class in classics and mathematics, at the same time that Sir Robert Peel took his "double first." His essay, "What are the Arts in which the Ancients were less successful than the Moderns?" obtained a prize in 1810; and he had already, the year before, been made a Fellow of Oriel, then the highest honour in Oxford except the Provostship of the same college. Here he lived in the most intellectual society then in England, and which was renowned through Europe as a great school of speculative philosophy; but, like the Spanish student of Longfellow, he found—

"But there are brighter dreams than those of fame,  
Which are the dreams of love!"

and the Oxford centre of a most brilliant circle resigned his College Fellowship for the living of Halesworth with Chediston in Norfolk, worth £450 a-year. This was in 1821, and as he was married the same year to Mary, the daughter of Mr. W. Pope, we may suppose that it was the charms of domestic life, rather than the living, which lured him from Oxford. Mrs. Whately died the 26th of April 1860.

Whilst at Halesworth, devoting himself to his 3000 parishioners with the affectionate zeal native to his character, he wrote three of the best essays that ever came from his industrious pen. These were called, "Sermons on the Christian's duty to Established Governments and Laws;" and "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," anonymously published, shortly followed. This latter most ingenious work excited much criticism and attention to the author's skill in surrounding the plainest things with a mysterious mist, which made the observer half doubt their reality; and it is curious to note, that in a short paper concerning "Robinson Crusoe," contributed to the pages of *The Rose*, *The Shamrock*, and *The Thistle Magazine*, some five-and-thirty years later, much the same style of thought is adopted.

His Bampton Lectures on "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion," being published in accordance with the conditions of their founder, had a large sale, and attracted still greater attention to their author; their aphoristic and luminous diction giving a character to them, generally transparent in all Dr. Whately's works.

In 1825, he was summoned from his Norfolk pastorate by Lord Grenville, Chancellor of Oxford, to be Principal of St. Alban's Hall; and he proceeded forthwith to take the B.D. and D.D. degrees. During this

second residence at Oxford, he wrote the two essays with which his name must ever be most closely associated. These were contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; the "Elements of Logic" in 1826, and the "Elements of Rhetoric" in 1828. Meanwhile, his mind was being directed towards a subject that may be considered as the direct cause of the Oxford Principal's subsequent elevation. This was Political Economy; and so vitalized was the question by Dr. Whately's voice and pen, that the Conservative University of Oxford felt constrained to depart from its traditions, and in 1830 founded a Professorial Chair, to which its advocate was appointed. He was destined to enjoy it only for a very brief period, for on the death of Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, and author of "Discourses on Atonement," on the 18th August 1831, this anti-Papal Prelate was succeeded, through the choice of Earl Grey, by the "shrewd and cautious Liberal" Dr. of Divinity, Richard Whately. This elevation of an English clergyman (the first ever raised to the supreme appointment of the Irish Church) was widely canvassed by the religious world, and many voices were raised in warning against the consequences. To the Whig Cabinet, however, and especially Earl Grey, there must be allowed the wise discernment, it might be called intuition, of choosing the right man for a position, allowably one of the most difficult then in the State; and since the many instances in which governments make great mistakes in their choice are always arrayed against them, this one instance of skilful judgment and correct foresight must be acknowledged. The following opinion of Dr. Arnold exhibits his own wisdom and confidence, whilst it indicates a public fear which the future proved to be entirely groundless.

Dr. Arnold thus estimated the personal and political character of the new Prelate, and his words will now find an echo in thousands of minds which did not then know how true they were:

"In point of essential holiness there does not live a truer Christian than Whately. It grieves me that he is spoken of as dangerous, because his intellectual nature keeps pace with his spiritual, instead of being left as Low Churchmen leave it—a fallow field for all unsightly creeds to flourish in. He is a truly great man, in the truest sense of the word, and if the safety and welfare of the Protestant Church in Ireland depend on human instruments, none could be found in the whole empire so likely to maintain it."

That Archbishop Whately was able to do, what many persons believed an impossibility, to soften the rancour between Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, to challenge and command the confidence and respect of the Romish clergy, and by dint of twenty years' exertions, as a Commissioner of Secular National Education, to engraft a new principle in a churlish soil, may be attributed to a power which is very rare in Protestant Churchmen—his skill as a leader. In the profession of arms there are many notable instances of the army's general, or of the navy's admiral, being really and truly leaders and commanders by right of skill, as well as by appoint-

ment. But in the modern history of the Church we find the motive power, in any of the changes which society demands, to be usually employed by the subordinate clergy; some country rector or hard-working town preacher and writer. It is seldom the name of bishop or archbishop is found at the head of what may be termed experimental religion. Archbishop Whately was, however, an exception to this rule. As a simple clergyman he had ranked himself as a leader of opinion, fearless in speech, and undaunted in writing; and when his appointment advanced him to the ecclesiastical front, he took his place and continued his march as fearless and undaunted, as Archbishop, as when his position might have protected him by its comparative obscurity. And this manliness of character was displayed in the same manner under social aspects. The host of the Archbishop's palace contained the same jovial, free, and easy man in manners, that he had been as a Fellow and College Master at Oxford. The man was, in fact, greater than his greatness, and so the latter was worn gracefully since he was a true soldier, and, whether he wore a captain's or field marshal's coat, could only look and be a soldier. This happy mastery of position must be granted to his acquaintance with books; he had lived in the royal company of the best ancient and modern authors, and their society made him equal to the exalted position he had obtained.

He was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 23d October 1831 by the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Kildare and Cork. He was, moreover, at once sworn of the Irish Privy Council. His income was now the magnificent sum of £8000 per annum, and his sway extended over the five dioceses of Ossory, Ferns and Leighlin, Limerick, Ardferit and Aghadoe, Cork, Cloyne and Ross, Cashel, Waterford and Emly, Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert and Kilmaedugh. His own diocese was made up of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Wicklow, with part of Wexford, Queen's County, and King's County, and whatever may have been the opinion of the "dangerous" Archbishop, he found the way to attach his clergy to him personally, although at first his liberality to the Catholics caused him to be regarded with suspicion, which in the end entirely disappeared, and was succeeded by universal confidence and admiration. If there were any exceptions to this feeling, their rarity proved the happy rule of one of the most genial of men and prelates.

For the first twenty years of the working of the National Scheme of Irish Education, Archbishop Whately might be considered the mainspring of its success, and his name will ever remain connected with this important State movement. In the summer of 1852 arose the cause which dictated Archbishop Whately's withdrawal from the Educational Board. Dr. Murray, who, as a Roman Catholic, had been a liberal colleague for very many years, died at the age of 83, and Dr. Cullen was appointed by the Pope his successor. The new Commissioner, as is supposed, soon found

opportunities to influence the parents of Catholic children to object to certain text books which had been introduced to the schools with the sanction and approval of Dr. Cullen's predecessor. Among these books were some of which Archbishop Whately was the author; and when he found these elementary works had been abandoned, he withdrew, upon principle, from a Board of which one of its resolutions had been overruled. With the Archbishop two other Commissioners withdrew. The event caused considerable excitement, and, whatever the exact cause of Archbishop Whately's withdrawal, one of its immediate effects was an increase of his popularity with the Protestant clergy of his diocese. Indeed, the act gained him the confidence of those who hitherto thought the Prelate's liberality exceeded the limits which the cause of Education demanded.

It is curious to turn to this question to which the Archbishop referred in the last *charge* to his clergy of the present year, and which was noticed in "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," No. xvi. Probably Dr. Cullen did see a Protestant tendency in the Protestant Archbishop's books, and so ordered his flock to object to their use; at the same time, page 22 of the *charge* lately published, Dr. Whately, in the following words, infers that it was over-zealous Protestants themselves, rather than Catholics, who opposed and thwarted the Education Scheme. Referring to an addition of parts of the Scripture, the Archbishop says to his clergy:

*"With what wondering exultation must they (the Roman Catholics) have seen the schemes defeated through the agency of Protestants! Of all the wonders (and they are not few or small) which have appeared in the last half century, this will probably be accounted by our posterity as the most marvellous. They will regard it as a thing, above all others, strange and unaccountable, that when an opening was afforded for imparting to Roman Catholics as well as to Protestants, under the sanction of Roman Catholic ministers, a large amount of Scriptural instruction, an amount which probably would have led most of them, in after years, to the study of the entire Bible, this work should have been strenuously and perseveringly opposed, and finally defeated by Protestants."*

The above paragraph, although it does not refer to the very books, the disuse of which caused the Archbishop's withdrawal, yet clearly indicates the existence of a feeling, which probably was as powerful as the direct and open efforts of the Romish clergy to supersede a plan which they had unguardedly admitted.

With his withdrawal from the Education Board, the last effort of Dr. Whately's life began—the epoch which has just ended.

An industry which never flagged enabled the late Archbishop to accomplish a vast amount of literary labour, as the following list of his principal works proves. He wrote—



Bacon's Essays, with Annotations.  
 Paley's Moral Philosophy, with Annotations.  
 Paley's Evidences of Christianity, with Annotations.  
 Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews.  
 Elements of Logic.  
 Elements of Rhetoric.  
 Lectures on Political Economy, with Remarks on Tithes, and on Poor-Laws,  
 and on Penal Colonies.  
 Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte.  
 The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments.  
 Explanations of the Bible and Prayer-Book.  
 Lectures on Prayer.  
 The Parish Pastor.  
 Lectures on some of the Scripture Parables.  
 Lectures on the Characters of Our Lord's Apostles.  
 Lectures on the Scripture Revelations respecting Good and Evil Angels.  
 View of the Scripture Revelations respecting a Future State.  
 The Kingdom of Christ delineated.  
 Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion.  
 Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul, and in  
 other parts of the New Testament.  
 Essays on the Errors of Romanism having their Origin in Human Nature.  
 Essays on Dangers to Christian Faith which may arise from the Teaching or  
 the Conduct of its Professors.  
 The Use and Abuse of Party-Feeling in Matters of Religion.  
 Charges and other Tracts.  
 Sermons on various Subjects.  
 On Self-denial; being the Tenth Essay on some of the Difficulties in the  
 Writings of St. Paul.  
 On Infant Baptism.  
 A Letter to a Clergyman of the Diocese of Dublin on Religious Meetings.  
 Thoughts on the Sabbath.  
 Address to the Clergy and other Members of the Established Church, on the  
 Use and Abuse of the Present Occasion for the Exercise of Beneficence.  
 Preparations for Death.  
 Expected Restoration of the Jews and the Millennium.  
 Lessons on Christian Evidences.  
 Lessons on the History of Religious Worship.  
 Lessons on Reasoning.  
 Lessons on Mind.  
 Lessons on Money Matters.  
 Lessons on Morals.  
 Lessons on the British Constitution.

And edited amongst others, the following :—

Cautions for the Times.  
 English Synonyms.  
 Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakespeare.  
 Selected Tales of the Genii, Revised and Purified.  
 Outlines of Mythology.  
 English Life, Social and Domestic, in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century.  
 Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America.  
 The Light and the Life; or, the History of Him whose Name we bear.  
 Reverses; or, Memoirs of the Fairfax Family.  
 Second Part of the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.  
 A Short Account of the First Preaching of the Gospel by the Apostles.

And yet this long list of works omits the infinite number of occasional papers, essays in the quarterly reviews, or articles in cheap magazines, which rapidly succeeded each other throughout his life. When he could, he contributed to any periodical so long as he thought he was doing good. The readers of this Magazine hardly need be told, and here we quote from the *Illustrated London News*:—"His very latest contributions are to be found in a popular Magazine, printed by women, entitled, *The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*." Very gratefully we acknowledge the truth of this statement, and most sincerely confess that his Grace's contributions, his very frequent letters, and numerous recommendations of subscribers, have afforded the conductors of this woman's journal an encouragement and support which was of the greatest comfort and value to them, and of continued pleasure to their readers.

Having laid this one little grateful violet on the tomb of the well-beloved Richard Whately, we proceed to conclude our brief memoir.

Appropriate to the Archbishop's character as a contributor, his inclination was widely known of catching a subject, metaphorically, by the button-hole, taking it into a corner of his library and having his talk out. The result was one of those short, pithy, readable articles which, in the pages of periodicals, made his name a household word, familiar to the whole reading world, and assisted a popularity which his books had created amongst scholars.

It was another clergyman, Laurence Sterne, who, if we remember rightly, once asked, through one of his humorous characters, "Would any Christian father or mother suffer their child to be named *Judas Iscariot*?" Surely this name, of all others, is one of the most hateful which has sounded through the last eighteen hundred years! It was reserved for another clergyman, Richard Whately, to kiss the traitor's cheek, with a brotherly explanation of the false disciple's treachery. And we know not any trait in his Grace's character which better displays the charity of his heart and the acuteness and originality of his mind.

The motives of Iscariot in betraying his Divine Master are thus generously, and we think *reasonably* explained: "Judas shared, in common with other Jews, the belief that Jesus had come into the world, to restore the *temporal* sovereignty of the Jewish nation, and when, from time to time, the Saviour deferred to manifest His power, the disciple, in his impatience, ascribed each delay to vacillation of purpose; thus, not for the love of money, but under the impression that, when betrayed, Jesus would be reduced to straits, in which He must exhibit His divine power and mission, Judas accepted the price of blood, and gave that traitorous kiss which has been universally execrated by mankind. When a result contrary to the disciple's hopes and wishes followed, he, filled with remorse, went out and hanged himself."

Such interpretation of fallible human judgment removes the difficulty of believing that any man would destroy himself under the sudden

remorse which filled the mind of Judas with unendurable despair. The lover of money, and arch villain, which posterity has thought him to be, would not be likely so soon to repent; at least, most men first enjoy the spoils of their villainy before they suffer conscience to sting them. However this may be, we should like to know that the above interpretation found a place in every Christian's Annotated Bible.

After death, the character of all public men, and particularly of authors, is usually determined with a haste that would seem indecent, but that the whirl of life allows of no pause, no delay, and the criticism of opinion has to be delivered whilst as yet the object of it is the universal theme. In the present instance, every journal throughout the length and breadth of the land has had its memoir, its anecdotes of Archbishop Whately. And there has hardly been, if ever, a more unanimous judgment expressed as to the high and genial qualities of a man, whether in his political, social, or domestic relations.

As a prelate, with an income of some £8000 per annum, Richard Whately was one of the most munificent of charitable men. Charity in works and *in thought* pervaded his life as the native atmosphere of a Christian's existence. Nor was such charity careless or ostentatious; its reasonableness was equal to its humanity.

As a friend, host, and companion—for the Primate of the Church was not elevated as most princes are above the delights of friendship—Richard Whately was delightful, and, were we inclined, we might follow the example of others, and give many pleasant anecdotes of his *bonhomie*, his enjoyable brightness in society, his abundant fund of anecdote enlivened with humour and flashes of wit, and even his natural easy love of honest fun; but such anecdotes to us disport themselves too solemnly, whilst the black drapery of death is hanging about his name. As regards unswerving friendship, the Archbishop's constancy to the storm-beaten Spanish priest, Joseph Blanco White, will ever sit as a jewel on the memory of the author "On the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion." White was first priest, then a Protestant, next a Unitarian, and last of all, it is feared, an infidel. He wrote much and he wrote well, and widely scattered his opinions; whilst through all the scandal and alienation which followed, Richard Whately stood by his friend when that position was to challenge rebuke to himself.

As a family man, the father of one son and three daughters, we may only refer to his domestic love and kindness by saying, that great as it was, it did not sanction that favouritism which few men in power can resist yielding to their families. His son remains a clergyman, with an income from his pastorate of under £500 per annum!

The future position and final estimate of Archbishop Whately as an author, cannot now be determined. The right of doing so is posterity's own right, and none other can exercise it. Certainly, the author of "Elements of Logic" will always have a front place amongst British authors, whilst probably that place will not be so near the very first as at

present, since his works do not rank now quite so high as they did a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, his works, for the influence exercised when they were written, must always be regarded as foremost. He was an honest, an active, and a fearless thinker and writer, when those qualities were almost singular in their rarity. Critics there are who style his logical clear-headedness as wanting depth ; as the transparent rind which showed the fruit inside, but that was all ; but how this view agrees with his acknowledged acuteness and originality, must be decided by those who hold the scales of the future.

One word more and we have done : There are not wanting writers, and their opinion has been circulated in a High Church organ, who speak of the Irish papers writing *fulsome eulogy* about the beloved Archbishop. Hitherto we thought fulsome eulogy was an essence that was only grateful to the living lion—the open-handed prince who had yet his favours to bestow ! So we add this grudging and unwilling testimony to the universality of praise which has embalmed the dead, better than was ever king in the tombs of the Pharaohs.

## NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

"Some works instruct through the head, some through the heart. The last reach the widest circle, and often produce the most genial influence on the character."—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THERE is a class of people in this strange world of ours who seldom, if ever, allow a smile to radiate their countenance, deeming it, if not altogether sinful, at least altogether unbecoming, to wear any other expression than that of impenetrable gloom. This class is not by any means a small one, and those of whom it is composed are generally very sensible, well-meaning persons. There are others to whom the bare mention of a novel is sufficient to alarm them for your future well-being—who look upon novel readers as travelling the direct road to perdition, and upon novel writers as emissaries of a gentleman who shall be nameless, commissioned to entice victims to destruction. If you ask any of the class referred to whether he has read the latest novel, ten to one he either returns no answer to your question, or takes the opportunity of descanting upon the sinfulness of indulging in such reading. Not long since a friend of mine stepped into a railway carriage, and in order to while away the time, pulled out of his pocket, and began to read, one of Sir Walter Scott's novels—"Guy Mannering," I think. He had scarcely done so when a gentleman of his acquaintance also entered the carriage, and they began a conversation. With a glance at the novel which was lying upon my friend's knee, the gentleman asked, in apparent astonishment:

"Do you read novels, Mr. —?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Because I don't consider it right to read fiction. I should have thought a sensible person like you would have known better."

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure. But do you say you have never read a novel?"

"Never, sir."

"Never read Scott, Bulwer Lytton, or Dickens?"

"Never."

"Upon my word, I pity you. You certainly are not to be envied. Pray, upon what grounds do you object to reading novels?"

"Upon several grounds. Novels are lies from beginning to end. Being lies, the time occupied in reading them is time misspent. The circumstances which they narrate are unreal, and consequently they raise in the minds of their readers false notions of life, and the duties of life

which every person has to discharge. They raise the passions and so injure the moral character. Once begin to read them and the desire grows stronger and stronger, and at last the power to refrain from them is completely lost. Then, what is their aim? Have they any aim? It cannot be to instruct, for there can be little or no instruction derived from the love passages in the ideal life of a hero or heroine of romance, whose sickly sentimentalities must appear to every sensible person little else than disgusting."

"You consider, then, that it is only sensible persons who abstain from novel-reading? Allow me to differ from you. With regard to your objections to novels and novel-reading, might I ask from what source you have derived the information upon which your opinion is grounded. You say you have never read a novel; I cannot, therefore, accept your objections as original."

"Well, when I was much younger than I now am I did read a few novels."

"Oh, indeed! By what authors, pray? for you say you have never read either Scott, Bulwer Lytton, or Dickens."

"The novels which I read appeared in weekly periodicals. The authors' names I can't remember."

"At least you will remember the titles of your favourite periodicals?"

"*Billingsgate Miscellany* was one of them. I think the *Love and Murder Journal* was another, but really I forget all about them now."

"Were all the novels that you read only such as appeared in these weekly periodicals?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And you place such men as Scott, and the others I have mentioned, in the same category with the authors who write the 'Romances of Real Life' for *Billingsgate Miscellany*, and others of its class?"

"I consider all novels as one class, and that the same objections apply to all of them in a more or less degree; some may be better written than others, but still those objections which I have already stated apply to all of these."

"Indeed! you are a medical man. Do you consider that all doctors are to be classed together? Do you place yourself on the same level with Dr. Cure'emall; or what would you say of the man who spoke of you and Dr. Cure'emall in the same breath?"

"There are various grades in the medical profession. Many doctors are quacks; Dr. Cure'emall among the number."

"I entertain the same opinion; there are good and bad. But don't you think it just as likely that there are quacks in the literary profession as in the medical?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well then; in the meantime I've no more to say on the subject; but if you have no objection, I will be happy to lend you this volume, and when you have finished reading it, I will then, with your



permission, and if you still entertain the same opinion, be ready to answer the objections you have stated to novels and novel-reading."

"I thank you, but I have no time to waste in reading trash. But I go out here. I bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye ; and I hope, for your own sake, you may alter your opinion before long."

I have often met with people, sensible, well educated, and rather intelligent on the whole, resembling Dr. — in the opinions which he entertained on novels and novel-reading. It is perhaps worth while to examine these objections, and see what foundation they have in fact.

First then, "Novels are lies." This argument, if such it can be called, is considered by many opponents of novel-reading as one of their strongest. Now, before going any farther, it will be as well to consider what is a *lie*. A lie, as I hold it, is an untruth told *with the intention to deceive*. If this definition of a lie be correct, then the objection cannot hold good, because novels are not written and given to the world as circumstantially true, and so the intention to deceive is wanting. Novels are creations of the author's brain, just as paintings and poems are the expressions of the painter's and poet's conceptions. And here it may be remarked, as somewhat paradoxical, that the people who object, upon principle, to novels and novel-reading, have no hesitation whatever, in the general case, to adorn their rooms with paintings, or to read poetry. Novels are simply pictures of life, as it was, or as it is. Doubtless, there are some romancists who attempt to picture life as they consider it *should* be, but I scarcely need do more than refer to them. These pictures of life are not believed by any one to be circumstantially true. No one believes that there ever existed, in real flesh and blood, the actual men and women whose characters the novelist delineates. Novelists draw from life just as painters draw their figures from models. They take from around them some characters by whose aid their stories are worked out. The objection, therefore, that novels are lies falls to the ground, being totally untenable. If it were otherwise, upon the same principle, poetry and painting would be equally *lies*, and the time devoted to their study would be "time mis-spent."

But it is also urged by the objectors to novels and novel-reading, that the circumstances which novels relate are unreal, and that consequently they raise in the minds of their readers false notions of life, and the duties of life which every person is called upon to discharge. To some extent this is no doubt true. There are many novels which lay aside the real for the ideal. But this cannot be applied to novels generally. On the contrary, all skilful novelists prefer depicting real every-day life to roaming at will among ideal scenes, and drawing ideal characters. Some prefer to write of life as it *was*, but the vast majority of our most celebrated novelists choose rather to write of the life with which they are surrounded—life as it is. Whichever of these two be chosen, there is nothing whatever which can be objected to it in this respect. History familiarizes us with the

state of society in times gone by. From it we may learn if we will, what we also find reflected in the novelist's pages. No one will deny the great advantages which are to be gained by a diligent study of history. But history has not attractions for all people. There are many people who cannot bring their minds to bear upon such a subject, for it must be confessed that history is often a very dry and tedious study unless the mind is, by other occupations and pursuits, adapted for, or capable of being brought to bear upon subjects of a weighty character. The occupations, the daily life of a vast number of people unfits them almost entirely from engaging in such studies with any degree of pleasure; and unless we can take an interest and a pleasure in any study, the time devoted to it is almost time thrown away, for the benefits to be derived will be incommensurate with the time occupied. Doubtless, the mind may be *trained* to take an interest in heavy reading, but it is not every one who will put himself to the trouble necessary for effecting this. In the pages of fiction, however, such information will be found divested of its unattractive garb, and clothed in a manner at once pleasing and fascinating. That there are some people who form false notions of life from reading fiction, is doubtless true, but these are exceptional cases, which can scarcely be set against the fiction. Such people would be almost as likely to form false notions of life from history. Many and various are the forms in which *Titmouseism* and *Dundrearyism* develop themselves, but in very few cases are these the result of novel-reading. Indeed, I question if they are ever attributable to that cause.

In novels which picture life as it is, we find only a reflex of what one may see almost every day of his life. From these also some people may form false ideas, but it is an exceptional case when they are other than harmless. From the very best of things there will occasionally be drawn what was never intended to be conveyed, and what in the ordinary case is not extracted. *Quod cibus est aliis, aliis est acre venenum*, may be applied to novels as well as to many other things, in themselves good and harmless.

The objection that novels rouse the passions and so injure the moral character is, in our time and in this country, almost totally inapplicable. English literature, in all its branches, is now of the purest kind. There was a time when such an objection was applicable to works of fiction, but not to such works alone; but that time has now gone by. Nowadays one can sit down to read a novel without the slightest fear of injury to his moral character. There are perhaps exceptions even to this, but exceptions are found to every rule. Immoral novels are so very exceptional, and when they do turn up, their character becomes so universally known, that any person who sits down to their perusal can scarcely be ignorant of what he will find to be the character of the book. The fact, admitting it to be a fact, that modern novels having an immoral tendency are *occasionally* to be met with, is not a sufficient reason for denouncing all novels as immoral.

That novel-reading in time produces a desire for that branch of literature alone which it is difficult to subdue, is also illustrated only by very exceptional cases, and such cases are the result, not so much of the novels themselves, as of the low state of mind of the persons who allow themselves to be controlled by such a desire. Excessive novel-reading often produces nausea and disgust resembling—to borrow a very apt illustration of Mr. Thackeray's—the desire for sweets, which if indulged in to too great an extent, produces sickness and loathing.

As to the aim of novels. Very often, indeed, the aim is more to amuse than otherwise, but from the works of the leading novelists much practical instruction and good are derivable—they instruct through the heart, “and often produce the most genial influence on the character.” Novels of any repute whatever are not written for their “sickly sentimentalities ;” indeed, “sickly sentimentalities” are almost never to be found in them. Very true that there is generally a love “plot,” but this is not by any means their leading feature. The plots “are merely pegs on which to hang characters, incidents, descriptions, bits of philosophy, pathos, pure wit and humour, which we can read again and again—read slowly, luxuriously, bit by bit, and with a tendency to read aloud to our wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, friends ; with a tendency also to illustrate our conversation with scraps from them, and emphasize our written remarks by referring to some of these characters or sayings—characters and sayings which will remain green in the memory for ever.” In the novelist's pages, I venture to say, are to be found some of the finest writing in the language.

From novels, too, we may learn much of the human mind and its manifold workings. They are photographs of life. The motives which dictate human actions are exhibited to our view, and we have a very high authority who says that the noblest study of mankind is man. Is there, can there be, anything wrong or sinful in the study of the noblest work of God? I hesitate not to give a negative answer. So far, indeed, from it being wrong and sinful, it is one of the most interesting, one of the best and most instructive of all studies. To a very great extent may this study be prosecuted in the novelist's pages. By the novelist's pen the study is rendered attractive—amusement and instruction are blended together. Studies which otherwise we might not engage in, are here divested of whatever is unattractive to ordinary minds. Hard facts are relieved by bursts of pathos, wit, and humour. But even were it not so, and were the novelist's task only to amuse, would there be anything wrong? Certainly not. I never can believe that it was ever intended by the Creator that man should spend the years of his pilgrimage on earth under the pressure of a dark cloud, and with no ray of sunshine to illumine and make existence bright. A cheerful countenance is not at variance with moral purity and spiritual grace. Banish all cheerfulness and you will have selfishness and other evils innumerable. Restore it and you to a great extent banish these evils. Everyday experience only makes this more

apparent. The wonder is, that there are so many people who are blind to the fact.

Fiction is entitled to a high place in literature, and so long as it is pure and untainted with vice, that high place will be awarded to it by the common voice, notwithstanding there be many who would fain it were otherwise. The highest of all authorities made use of fiction for conveying to human ears and human minds His wondrous truths, and imparting to them the full benefit of his instruction. The parables which we read in Holy Writ are fictions; and with examples like these before us, we need never hesitate to use fiction, "as not abusing it," so long as it inculcates morality and Christianity.

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## MISSES AND MATRIMONY.

EDITED BY W. W. KNOLLYS.

### CHAPTER VI.

HINTS AS TO CHOOSING A HUSBAND—ARRIVAL AT MADRAS—NATIVE CUSTOMS  
RATHER ASTONISH A NEW COMER—A MYSTERIOUS INVITATION—UNFOR-  
TUNATE CONSEQUENCE OF ACCEPTING IT—A WOULD-BE DUELLIST  
BAFFLED.

Ship "COCKATRICE," 20th October 18—.

WE expect to come in sight of the pilot boat before night, so I must write up my journal at once, or I shall be in too much of a fidget to do it at all.

I am quite glad now that Broughton did *not* propose to me, for I am sure I shall be able to make a much better match with a civilian, and I don't really care a bit about him. I am sure Mrs. Leslie is very welcome to her lover if she likes. Officers are very nice fellows to dance and flirt with, but as Mrs. Hamilton told me the other day, they never have any money, or if they have, they are sure to spend it all on horses and gambling and that sort of thing. They can give £100 for a horse any day; but la! what a fuss they make if they are asked for £10 to buy a dress with. Mrs. Hamilton advised me to keep Bowles dangling about me at a proper distance, for he might be useful to stimulate any lazy aspirant for my hand, but not for worlds to dream of *marrying* any one but a civilian. "You will take precedence of most officers' wives," she said, "and you will be able to do much more as you like than if you were an officer's wife. An officer would be half the day in the house with you, but a civilian is at his cutcherry all that time. Then, as a civilian's wife, you can get up to the hills by yourself during the hot season; but an officer would be sure to be with you part of the time. It's all very well, my dear, to talk about loving your husband, of course it wouldn't be at all correct if you didn't, but it's a bad thing for husband and wife to see too much of each other, and you will find that you get on much better being separated *sometimes*. You see, my dear, distance lends enchantment to the view, and that is quite the case with husbands and wives. You ought, for your own sake, when you go away, to be very careful not to make any arrangements for your husband's comfort during your absence. He will be dreadfully sulky at the time, of course, and perhaps write very cross letters, but you are not obliged to read them; and when you *do* come back, and put everything to rights, he will appreciate both it and you all the more. *Then's* the time to ask

him for money, and if he is stingy you can submit very good temperedly, but do not forget to mention in conversation, *accidentally*, how you long to see your friends in England again; and then, after a little bit, say that Dr. —, at the hills said, he was sure that there was something on your mind which was affecting your health, and that he was afraid that nothing but England would restore you. He'll give you anything you like after that. People who are very good and stuck up, may say that it is wrong to deceive your husband in that way, so it would be if one could get one's own way in any other manner, but what is a woman to do? her tongue is her only weapon, and if she doesn't use it she is sure to be trampled on, for men haven't the least consideration, and are dreadfully selfish." I think Mrs. Hamilton must be right; at all events, I intend to try her plan. Dear me, how fast I am getting on; I forgot to say that since I last wrote my journal we stopped at Madras for a fortnight. I enjoyed myself very much; but oh! I was so frightened at landing in that nasty surf, and the boatmen screamed and holloed so, I made sure we were all going to be drowned. Aunt found an old friend of hers married to one of the judges there, and we stopped at her house. It's the Mrs. Hamilton I have been talking of. I was very much astonished when I landed at finding the natives had so little clothes on; really it's not proper, and I could not help turning my eyes away at first. That odious Mrs. Leslie said, with her nasty squeaky voice, "don't be shocked Miss Aylmer, many very modest young ladies have survived it, and I dare say you may do the same if you take great care of yourself." My goodness, how hot I felt, for there were several gentlemen there, and they all began to smile; I really felt quite ashamed. I am determined I'll be revenged on her, and I know what I'll do. She is dreadfully fussy and vain about her dress when she goes anywhere particular, though she *is* so slovenly in general. She is to be some time at Calcutta, so the first time we go to anything particular, I'll find out what dress she is going in, get one myself of a colour that will kill her, and manage to keep near her all the time. Well, to go back to our sheep, as the French say, aunt and I got into two palkees as they are called; such funny things, just like big boxes with poles through the top of them. I had no idea I was so heavy, but I heard the poor creatures who carried me, panting and groaning and complaining all the way; now, if it had been aunt, I should not have wondered. When we got to Mrs. Hamilton's she was very kind, and insisted on our sending to the ship for our things and stopping at her house as long as we remained in Madras. What a quantity of servants she has got. I declare they quite frightened me; sometimes they creep up to one before one knows they are there. I think it's a horrid, nasty practice, they have of going about without shoes or stockings; but Mrs. Hamilton says they wear their hats on their feet, that is to say, taking off their shoes is the same thing with them as taking off the hat is with English people. Fancy, if it were to become the custom in England, and when a gentleman met in the streets a lady he knew, he were to stoop down



and pull off his boot instead of his hat. If that were the case, every gentleman would have to go about attended by a servant with a boot-jack and boot-hooks, and if it were wet, and the gentleman saw several ladies he knew coming close after each other, he would have to hop along on one leg, or stand like a stork with one tucked up. Mrs. Hamilton has only got one child out in India with her, and there's such a fuss made about the little wretch. It's about three years old, and is so white, and looks as if it had not got any bones. Every time it rides out on its pony, four servants go to take care of it. First, there's the groom, then the nurse, then the creature's valet—I forget the name, and last of all, a man with a belt and a large brass plate covered all over with Indian letters; I believe he is a sort of messenger. Mrs. Hamilton took us for a drive in the evening, and we met Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and another lady riding. She seemed quite astonished at our being in such a handsome carriage, and I took care to give her my most condescending nod, after having first stared at her well through my eye-glass. The drive was very amusing, so many curious things to be seen, that I was quite sorry when it was over. Mrs. Hamilton, too, was great fun, she had some story to tell about everyone we met. I asked her afterwards how she managed to learn so much. She said through her ayah, and that it was useful sometimes to keep people in order, by just letting them *suspect* you knew something about them which they wanted to be kept secret. In the evening I saw Mr. Hamilton; he is a stupid old man, and goes to sleep directly after dinner. He means to be very civil though, and drank a solemn glass of wine with aunt and me. He seems to be very well behaved, and to do just as his wife tells him. The next evening Mrs. Hamilton and her husband were obliged to go out to dinner; and just after they left I got this note:—

“We have a little party to-night at our rooms at the hotel, and some N. girls are coming. I hope you will join it. Remember, ten o'clock.  
—Believe me, yours sincerely,  
R. BOWLES.”

I was rather astonished at this letter, and a good deal puzzled at the “N. girls are coming,” till I showed it to aunt, who said she thought it was a short way of saying some nice girls are coming. I didn't want to go at first, but aunt insisted on it; what she can find to like in parties at her age, I can't imagine; so as I thought, that, after all, a party given by a bachelor might be rather good fun, I agreed. What a curious trick that is of Bowles's, not beginning his letters; he hardly ever does though. I had a great skurry to get out my dress, which I flattered myself would not be of the latest fashion in the room, and would make the other ladies jealous. I *do* like to be envied, and to smile when one can see the others trying in vain to look as if they didn't care a bit. The great difficulty was how to get there, but we left a note for Mrs. Hamilton, saying we were going to take her carriage to put us down on its way to fetch her, and asking her

to send it for us again later, to bring us home. When we got to the hotel we asked for Major Bowles's rooms, but were told that he didn't live in the hotel, but in a house belonging to it just round the corner. Well, we went there, got out, and told the native servant to announce us. As we went up stairs we heard music playing, but it was a tune that I had never heard anything like before, and I couldn't make out what instruments they could be. I could hear a great deal of laughing and talking too, and something like singing. When the door was opened there was such a cloud of smoke that it nearly choked me, and I could hardly see across the room. Ah, what a sight it was! I shall never forget it as long as I live; I thought I should have dropped. There were about ten or twelve gentlemen within, in their shirt sleeves, all smoking, drinking, talking, and using, oh! such dreadful language. At the other end of the room there were two or three natives, one beating a sort of drum with his fingers, and the others playing on a kind of guitar. Four or five native girls, covered with jewelry, and dressed in very bright clothes, were moving and gliding round and round, and backwards and forwards, screaming away something which sounded like *tazar be tazar, now bunow*, which they kept on saying over and over again. There was such a noise at first that nobody saw us, and both aunt and I were too much frightened to move. At last Major Bowles caught sight of us, and in a minute every thing was as still as death. Aunt, immediately that there was anybody to look at her, tumbled on to a sofa, and pretended to faint. There was such a scuffling for coats and waistcoats. Major Bowles got hold of a glass of water and wanted to throw some over aunt, which put her in a fright for fear her dress should be spoilt, so she recovered directly and asked for some wine and water. There wasn't any; but Broughton guessed her taste, and brought her a glass of brandy and water, which she drank off without remarking the difference. When she got a little better, or rather thought she had fainted long enough, she began to attack poor, silly Bowles about what she called his impertinent, abominable, ungentleman-like behaviour; for my part I was more inclined to laugh than to be angry. She declared she would write to the Commander-in-Chief and get him, Bowles, not the Commander-in-Chief, turned out of the service. He tried hard to stop her and defend himself, but she wouldn't listen to him for a moment, and he looked such a stupid old thing, and the gentlemen seemed so amused, that I could not keep my countenance. At last aunt got out of breath, so I took it up and said, in a reproachful, sentimental sort of voice, "Oh! Major Bowles, how could you insult *me* so much?" The poor creature looked as if he could have jumped out of the window when I said this, but thinking probably that nobody would prevent him if he tried, he began to explain the whole thing. He said that he was sure there must have been some mistake, that he had never asked us to come, that he would never have dreamt of such a thing. Aunt snapped at him with, "How can you say so, Major Bowles, when I have got your own letter inviting us, and here it is. I brought it with me in case I should forget the direction."

Bowles asked to look at it, and as soon as he saw it said, "Oh! now I understand the whole thing, I am so sorry, what a fool I am, turning very red; I did write to you about something else, but I see I must have sent the letter intended for you to another person, and put his into the envelope directed to you." "That explains then," said Broughton, "the very extraordinary note I got this evening, which I have brought in my pocket, and which I have not yet had an opportunity of asking you about. It was so tender in its language that I couldn't believe it was meant for me, and now I understand it all." Bowles got very red, and tried to get hold of the letter, but Broughton wouldn't give it him, coolly remarking, "That's a bad habit of yours, Bowles, not putting a beginning to your letters, for, of course, if I had seen 'lovely being—.'" "I am sure I never said that," said Bowles. "Don't interrupt me, Bowles; I say if I had seen 'lovely being' at the top of it, not even my vanity would have led me to suppose it was intended for me." That's all a story you know; "lovely being" wasn't in the letter at all; it was only Broughton's nonsense. The other gentlemen all appeared very inquisitive, and I began to get angry, and gave an appealing glance in the hope of stopping it, but he would not look in my direction, and taking it out of his pocket began to read:—

"I am so afraid I have offended you in some way, you have been so very cold to me lately. I am sure I cannot guess what I have done. If you only knew how unhappy you can make me when you choose, and how I live for the rest of the day on a smile, you would not, I am certain, be so cruel. I hope you are not so angry with me as to refuse to come out for a ride with me to-morrow morning. A great friend of mine has lent me two horses, one of which carries a lady beautifully. If you will allow me I will send him for you at six to-morrow morning. Please don't say no, or I shall fancy I have done something to offend you.—Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

R. BOWLES."

"Upon my word, Bowles," said Broughton, "I had no idea you could write such an eloquent letter, and if Miss Aylmer can resist so touching an appeal she must be hard-hearted indeed." Bowles didn't seem to know whether to swear, cry, or kick, and looked so delightfully ridiculous that, angry as I was, I could almost forgive Broughton for his impertinence. After standing with a face so red, and a look so indignant, that he seemed like an irritated turkey cock or a lobster, rampant, he said, "I don't intend to let your impertinence pass without notice, sir. We'll talk about this to-morrow," and he strutted out of the room, Broughton calling after him, "Don't excite yourself, Bowles; no well-bred man ever does that, and, besides, it is apt to produce apoplexy in this country." As soon as he was gone, Broughton turned round to aunt and myself, and said, "I am very sorry if you are angry with me, but I really couldn't resist teasing Bowles, he does look so absurd when he is cross. I am sure I beg your pardon, so I hope you'll forgive me." Aunt, who never can see any fun in *anything*, was dreadfully high and mighty, and said his behaviour had

been most ungentleman-like, and she would never speak to him again, but I knew that the only thing to prevent our appearing more ridiculous than we were already was to pretend to join in the joke. I said, "Well, Mr. Broughton, I don't think it was very kind of you, but really you have amused me so much that, for my part, I quite forgive you." He then got us some palkees to take us back in, and we got in before Mrs. Hamilton had returned, so I contrived to get hold of the note we had written to her, and tore it up. The next morning I thought the best thing I could do to prevent our being laughed at was to tell Mrs. Hamilton myself about the story, as she was sure to hear it from somebody; so I waited till aunt had gone to her room, and told her the whole of it, making Bowles and aunt as ridiculous as possible, and pretending myself to think it capital fun. How she *did* laugh. We enjoyed ourselves very much during the rest of the time we were at Madras, but poor Bowles never ventured to show himself, and, I hear, wanted to call out Broughton, who told him he would be very happy to fight him, if he did not consider duelling a most wicked proceeding, and that he had promised his mamma he never would. This, of course, made Bowles more angry than ever, but he only laughed at him, and told him that he was aware that he had great difficulty in preventing himself from acting like a fool, but that for the sake of his friends he should really try and overcome his natural tendency that way. I must shut up my journal now, for I have ever so many things to do in getting my things ready for landing.

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## CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER FROM UNCLE AYLMER—COLONEL MONTMORENCY JONES, HIS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND PECULIARITIES—A THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION IN WHICH MAW-WORM IS DISCOMFITTED BY A BABOO—DISAPPOINTMENT OF EMILY AT THE TAME NATURE OF THE PASSAGE UP THE HOOGHLY—PREPARATIONS BOTH OF DRESS AND BEHAVIOUR FOR LANDING—ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA—THE WRONG MAN EMBRACED BY AN EAGERLY EXPECTING WIFE—CHURCH AND CHARITY IN THE EAST—BILLS AT SIGHT GIVEN TO THE POOR—ANIMUS MUTAT CŒLUM.

DUM DUM, *October 27th*, 18—

I AM in despair about the quantity I have to write of all I have done and seen since my arrival; indeed, there is such a lot to put down, that it will probably end by my writing next to nothing. On the 21st we arrived at the mouth of the Hooghly, and soon after a native boat brought some letters for us. Among them was one from Uncle Aylmer, saying that some important official business would prevent him from coming to meet us at Calcutta, as he had hoped, but that he had written to Colonel Montmorency Jones, commanding the artillery at Dum Dum,

to put us up till he could get away from his work, and take us up. Uncle said that we should be very comfortable there, for though Colonel Montmorency Jones was an old bachelor, yet that he lived in the greatest comfort, with everything very nice in his house, and that he liked nothing better than to entertain ladies. He added that the Colonel was a most estimable man, drawing very good pay, and that if we only bore one thing in mind, we should get on very well, "Never under any circumstances omit the Montmorency in speaking to him. He declares that his real name is Montmorency, and that his father only took the name of Jones for a fortune. However, no one either heard of the fortune, or of any Montmorency relations." At the same time as uncle's letter, we also got one from the Colonel on very thick paper in an envelope, on the seal of which was engraved a turtle, with the motto, "*lente mais sure*," and at the top of the paper inside, the same was repeated. I have heard since that the grandfather of this Montmorency Jones was an alderman of the name of Jones, who in his old age spent nearly the whole of a very large fortune in eating, drinking, and luxury of every sort, leaving his son nearly unprovided for. They add, that this grandpapa Jones, *par ex* simple Jones, as they call him, being of a waggish disposition, assumed the turtle as his crest, with the motto, "*vive le gras vertu*." The present Jones, or "qualified Jones," as he has been christened, altered it into something more heraldic. Well, to return to my subject: Colonel Montmorency Jones wrote aunt a very charming letter, saying how *enchanted* he should be to see us as long as we would honour his humble abode, that he would endeavour to make our sojourn pleasant, and would do himself the honour of waiting on us as soon as the ship arrived in Calcutta. At the same time with the letters, a native clerk of the owners of the vessel came on board, on some business with the Captain. They call him a Baboo; I thought at first they said baboon, and was quite sorry for the poor man when I heard one of the officers, who had been in India before, call him, as I thought, by that name. I said, "How *can* you." "What have I done, Miss Aylmer?" was the reply; "You know well enough, and its very wrong in you to call him that to his face, he can't help looking rather like a monkey, poor man, and it is very *unkind* of you." I thought he never would have stopped laughing, and I was very cross till he explained my mistake. The Baboo spoke English beautifully; he seemed a very clever man too, and so nice mannered. The Missionary thought it was a famous opportunity for showing off his eloquence and piety, but he soon found the Baboo was a much better hand at theology than himself; so not being able to answer some of the questions the latter asked him, pretended he must go and pack up. It was rather good fun going up the river, but I was dreadfully disappointed at not seeing any tigers on the banks, as the Captain had told me the place was full of them. I only saw one dead body floating down, and I used to read at school that there were such lots of them. Everybody on board was in such a state of bustle getting their things ready, and picking

out becoming dresses to land in. The Missionary seemed to think it necessary to put an extra allowance of starch both on his neckcloth and face. Mrs. Leslie appeared, for a wonder, in clean petticoats, and Bowles made his moustaches so stiff that one was afraid to come near him. Broughton told him he supposed he did it for the same reason that people put broken glass on the top of their walls, namely, to keep off trespassers, and that he was afraid of being kissed by the ladies, whether he liked it or not. It was astonishing how anxious all of a sudden the married ladies became to see their husbands, and yet they had appeared tolerably cheerful all the voyage without them; but, then, every one acknowledges that we women have wonderful command over our feelings, so I will only remark that it is not difficult to prevent people from seeing what does not exist. The ladies got so prudish and reserved in their manners to their flirts; it's quite amusing, I declare. Poor young Thompson, who is one of the cadets on board, and very spoony, was in great distress; he has been flirting all the voyage with a Mrs. Rice, who only last night allowed him to kiss her. Broughton caught them in the saloon, and to-day she is so reserved and ceremonious with him. Poor silly boy, he came and consulted me about it just now, saying he was afraid he had affronted her, but did not know in what way. "She used always to be so kind to me, and call me Ernest, and let me call her Fanny, and to-day it is 'Mr. Thompson;' and when I called her Fanny just now, she drew herself up, and said, 'My name is Mrs. Rice;'" she is so cold too. I am sure I am very sorry if I have affronted her, but I don't know what I have done." Little goose, he does not know that she has only got her pilot manners on. Well, when we arrived at Calcutta, we were immediately visited by a crowd of boats full of anxious husbands, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of their loving spouses; and all the wives, as if by common consent, began to wave, sometimes rather dirty pocket handkerchiefs to every boat that approached, screaming out to any one who happened to be next them, "That's Robert, or Arthur, etc., I'm sure it is; it must be him," and then alternating tears, with wavings of the aforesaid handkerchief, till a near approach showed the affectionate one that it was not the unfortunate victim whom the parson had given her a legal right to worry and make a fool of. There was one capital scene. Fat old Mrs. Winslow spied her smaller and worse half in a boat with another person, one of the firm to whom the ship belongs, and a very prim, pompous, little man indeed, coming alongside; so she bustled and scuffled down from the poop to the gangway to be ready to embrace her husband. Just as she got there, a gentleman stepped off the ladder, and Mrs. Winslow, who is rather blind, threw herself on his neck, and commenced kissing him loudly, knocking his hat into the water, and nearly sending him after it, before she found out her husband had come up the ladder *second*, and that it was the other person on whom she had been wasting her conjugal endearments. Dear, how cross and discomposed the poor, little old man was, and how her husband did laugh! *She was terribly put out* at having made such a



ridiculous mistake before everyone. Amongst those who came on board was Colonel Montmorency Jones, very distressingly polite, very painfully kind, and altogether like a stage gentleman, for it is evident that the character requires to be acted and does not come natural to him. He is a regular old imposition from head to foot. His whiskers and hair are both dyed; but from some cause or another the ends of his whiskers are black, whilst the roots of them are red, whilst his eyebrows again are a shade of blue; so, altogether, with his red cheeks and nose, and green eyes, his face is something like Joseph's coat. He thinks it the correct thing to say "Madam" to any lady he does not know very well, and altogether brings to my mind confused recollections of poor, dear grandpapa, and the monkey at the zoological gardens, only grandpapa had a much more aristocratic manner than Colonel Montmorency Jones. Joking apart, though, the poor creature was really very kind. He said he had got his carriage waiting for us, and had hired all the servants we should require, in order that we might find ourselves comfortable at once. We had got everything packed up, so we did not remain long on board after Colonel M. Jones' arrival. I took care to introduce Bowles to him, for the man is useful, and *may* do to fall back on if I can't catch a civilian, but I will only take an officer if nothing better is to be had. It was *so rich* to see how cordial Mrs. Leslie—who also intends to stop at Dum Dum for a short time—became when she found we were going to live with one of the tip-top people of the station. She hates me, and knows I hate her; yet to hear her wish me good-bye, and see her kiss me, any one but a woman would have thought we were bosom friends. She shan't gain anything by it though, for I intend to patronize her most unmercifully, and lament her failings in the most affectionate manner possible. When we landed, we found Colonel Montmorency Jones' carriage and horses waiting for us, and were not sorry when a short drive brought us to Dum Dum. I was so astonished in passing through Calcutta at the quantity of big birds, with long legs and bills, standing on the tops of the houses, and at first thought they were stone. Colonel Montmorency Jones said, "I suppose you never saw adjutants before, Miss Aylmer." I answered, "Oh, yes! the adjutant of the 153d Queen's came out in the same ship with us," and could not understand his and aunt Alymer's bursting out laughing, till I found that the big birds were called adjutants; I suppose, because they are like the real adjutants, more useful than ornamental, for Colonel M. Jones says they act as scavengers. I was very tired when we finished our drive, and went to bed directly after dinner. The next day was Sunday, which I was not sorry for, as it gave me an opportunity of putting on my new Paris dress, and I had such a love of a bonnet that, if the ladies who were at church paid any attention to the service, and weren't horribly miserable, they were not women. It *did* seem so odd seeing a lot of natives inside the church pulling the punkales all the time. It quite mesmerized me, and nearly sent me to sleep. There was a charity sermon, and at the end a quantity of little bits of paper were brought round, on which everyone

wrote their names and the sum they intended to give. I must say it seems an old practice to carry the Indian custom of getting into debt so far, that even charity is bestowed on tick. Giving heaven a bill, payable at sight, as the tradesmen call it, is a funny religious ceremony to be sure! For all aunt Alymer's religion, I found she made no opposition when Colonel M. Jones proposed taking a drive in the evening, though she is always so particular about that sort of thing at home. I suppose what is wrong in England is right in India. The Indian ladies are very rude; every person during our drive stared at us so, or rather I suppose it was at *me*, not at aunt, that I felt quite ashamed; one comfort is, I doubt if they were the happier for it, as I am sure my things were much better than theirs, at least they ought to be, for they cost enough.

I must stop now, for breakfast is ready, and I am very hungry after my morning's drive.

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*(To be continued.)*

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## AUTUMN.

BY LEILA.

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"What sound is that? 'Tis summer's farewell,  
 In the breath of the night-wind sighing;  
 The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge,  
 That wails o'er the dead and the dying.  
 The sapless leaves are eddying round,  
 On the path which they lately shaded:  
 The oak of the forest is losing its robe;  
 The flowers hath fallen and faded.  
 All that I look on but saddens my heart,  
 To think that the lovely so soon should depart."  
 ELIZA COOK.

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THE joyous summer has passed away, with its blithesome days and genial sunshine, its pleasant twilight evenings, breathless in their balmy stillness: one and all are quickly fading from us. Already on autumn's golden threshold do we stand, feeling a brisker breath in the matin and even breeze. From the rivulet's bank, the mountain's side, and the shady lanes do we miss the sweet blossoms of summer flowers, although manifold are the autumn ones that here and there fill their

vacant places. Almost tearfully do we gaze at our woodlands, where the autumnal tints tell us too surely that on the never-ceasing tide of time winter advances. Yet there is a beauty in the present season, peculiarly its own; a mellowed loveliness o'er shadows the stately forests, a richer glow o'erspreads the now gorgeous sunsets. Carefully we cherish the remaining flowerets, knowing that ere long they will follow their summer predecessors, and that winter will soon encircle earth with a cold gray crown.

As we pause, and listen to the whispers of the many-toned wind, do we not hear a lesson, for indeed they teach one, did we but comprehend; and likewise do the sered leaves, lying at our feet, whispering many things unto us in their own mournful, eloquent voicelessness. They tell us, that like as the summer with all its beauties fades away, so perish the hopes and pleasures which we thought we should keep for our own. Around our path as we journey on, fall the sered and withered hopes of youth. Joyous dreams fade away, rustling at our feet, phantoms of the past.

Oftentimes our life resembles the autumn tree, with its almost barren branches, and the few remaining leaves which are wafted downwards by the chill northern breeze, as it wanders by; yes, there are times when we stand almost barren, while the cold winds of sorrow and disappointment carries from us the few remaining hopes and treasures which we have; but as the tree lives by the sap within, we live by one inward thing, faith and hope; both are bound together, and make one, so inseparable are they. Thus we feel assured, that as the green leaves will return to the tree in the spring, so in the future we shall have once more our lost treasures and hopes. "Be strong as we are," utter the forest-trees, "bearing the winter storms, they are only for a time." This admonition which we hear from the voice of the wind, shall we not heed? and bravely bear our trials, knowing that a loving Hand is guiding us through all, and a strong right Arm is shielding us in every trouble, however great it may be.

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## A ROSY FACE AND CHESNUT HAIR.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON)

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A rosy face and chesnut hair,  
 Beguiled me in the hours of Spring ;  
 No other face I'd seen so fair,  
 Ne'er thought so much about a ring !  
 Would she be mine ? ah, would she say—  
 Would she but only answer, yes !  
 I vowed I'd name the marriage day,  
 Make one unwedded beauty less !

She shed fresh beauties where she walked,  
 Gave brightness to each leafy shade ;  
 To doves on myrtle branches talked,  
 And more delight than music made !  
 Like summer's latest rose her cheek  
 The faintest trace of crimson wore ;  
 Words would be poor its charm to speak,  
 Of beauty there could not be more !

And redder lips I ne'er had seen,  
 They made enchantment when they stirred ;  
 As sweet before there may have been,  
 But none so formed to grace a word !  
 'Twas beautiful to see them part,  
 And she unconscious of her charms ;  
 As babe wrought by the sculptor's art,  
 With moonlight gleaming on its arms !

That Spring was loveliest unto me,  
 By day and night I lived in dreams ;  
 In what we love we daily see  
 Hope cast, like sapphire skies in streams !  
 I won the maiden's heart to mine ;  
 Long years have passed and still she's fair ;  
 As freshly yet, as sweetly shine,  
 Her rosy face and chesnut hair !

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

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It is an indisputable truism that the most beautiful and attractive things are also the most ephemeral. How many poets and preachers have told us that the bloom on the plum, the hues of the sunset, the merry pranks of childhood, and the fervent enthusiasm of youth, all belong to the same category of transitory things, "whose birth is nothing but their death begun." Practical experience, too, brings the disagreeable fact very vividly home to our minds, and proves that the leafless shrub outlives countless numbers of our summer roses. The toad survives many generations of our household pets, and the Quaker's drab and poke bonnet outwears Magenta coloured gossamer and charming Paris fashions. We fear there is little doubt that our most brilliant and fascinating plans, projects, and desires belong to this unsatisfactory class. No moral philosopher would hesitate to put castles in the air in the same category with card built houses, and those glittering bubbles, the delight of childhood, which are perhaps their best representatives.

Building is generally looked upon by the wise and prudent as a very unsafe speculation. If a man be a builder by trade and education, well and good, no one can say him nay, and he may draw out elastic estimates, and increase the number of our ugly and uncomfortable edifices at his leisure and pleasure. But when a man whose time, thoughts, and experience belong elsewhere, or still worse, a busy idler in want of something to do, thinks fit to expend his superfluous means in bricks and mortar, wise men shake their heads. We all know what it comes to; how, by some extraordinary system of arithmetic, the tens appear to have been omitted in the calculation, and four or five hundred become one or two thousand; how six months, by a similar process, grow into eighteen, and the estimate which includes all imaginable extras, excludes the simplest necessities. The great saving which was to be effected in rent somehow necessitates a good many other retrenchments of a more practical nature, and the hapless projector, promoter, and payer, as he climbs up his awkward staircase, or sits at his inconvenient window, wishes he had let building alone. Do mental castle builders never wish the same? When turret and battlement and tower come crumbling about their ears, when hall and vestibule and gateway vanish into thin air, do they not sometimes regret that they did not keep to *terra firma*, and leave the upper element to its native denizens? Birds and butterflies and moths may raise their fairy structures with very slender aid from tangible things; the spider may find his gossamer thread firm enough for safe and rapid transit, but we, poor clumsy mortals, must have very substantial foundations, and very visible pathways, or rack and ruin await us.

The youth starts full of hope on his career. Father and friends may look sober and preach attention to the trade, large profits, and safe investments; but what are such pitiful things to him while he rears his castle and sees himself in the stately garb of tragedy, with a spell-bound audience hanging entranced upon his words! Ah, Jeremiah Simpkins, your castle has no base whatever! You may choose if you will between the ignoble but profitable counter and a fifth-rate comic actor's histrionic dignity, but nothing else. And you, young collegian, regardless of the warnings of tutors, while wrapped in Elysian reveries, you behold another Pitt ruling an admiring Senate, a second-rate clerkship in a government office is as high as your towers will reach. The youthful poet, while smarting under the acerbity of critics, consoles himself with the vision of the praises posterity will lavish on the luckless volumes that will moulder unthought of on the bookseller's shelf. The artist tries to forgive the Academy its refusal of "The Battle of Hastings," when he thinks of Giotto's humble beginning and Correggio's slow won fame—the only respects in which he will resemble them. Arabella can look complacently on Julietta's Honiton lace and pearls, while before her mind's eye rise the Brussels' veil and diamonds with which she shall illumine St. George's when Snooks comes home with his fortune. It is lucky for the stability of this lady's airy bower that she never sees "the ladies' corner" of the Calcutta papers. Paterfamilias plans great things to be accomplished when the lawsuit is finished—the airy masons never tolerate the prospect of an adverse decision. Materfamilias indulges in sundry impossible projects to be put into practice when "the children grow up"—they will be divided between dunces and frights, but there is no room for such in the castle. The embarrassed debtor will always pay ready money when he gets clear; the extravagant lady of fashion will curtail her milliner's *carte blanche*; the sick man will be the soul of prudence as soon as he gets his health. What a pity it is that the law of gravitation is remorseless, and that while Pisa's famous tower proves what may be done by a due regard to first principles, the downfall of the most lofty and beautiful palace is inevitably secured by the slight omission of a solid basis. Whoever fulfils all aspirations of his youth, or even of his maturer years, for the man of middle age, is still busy at the unprofitable trade. Love, pleasure, and fame have probably lost their gilded colours; contact with the stern realities of life may have rubbed the dust from the wings of fancy; but have credit, reputation, influence—above all, money, no attractions for him? Does not a seat in Parliament, the chairmanship of his company, the common council, the churchwardenship, possess the attractions no longer visible in Miranda's blue eyes—his own original epic, or Johnson's matchless stud? The mother forms plans for her children she never dreamed of for herself. Her bold frank boy is to be a second Nelson—her fair-haired girl a countess at the very least. The old man, too, builds castles for his descendants when he can rise no more for himself, and the inheritors of his name or his fortune are the denizens. The poorest,



and saddest, and dullest, sometimes say with the gifted poetess we have just lost:

"I would build a house of clouds,  
For my thoughts to live in,  
When for earth too fancy loose,  
And too low for heaven.

\* \* \* \*

Branched with corridors sublime,  
Flecked with winding stairs,  
Such as children wish to climb,  
Following their own prayers."

Alas, that from "garret to basement" they are all alike unsound! That the first good breath of wind will send them all headlong to the last election—the broken bank, the undutiful or unfortunate family await airy edifices of maturer years as surely as Miranda's faithlessness and the publisher's frown attend the youthful *chateaux en Espagne*. We all know how one of the least melancholy of men, in verses which are high in favour with sentimental youths and maidens, has told us that:

"All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest."

and I. E. L., in speaking in a similar strain, insinuates that it is in consequence of this very fleetness that our pleasures seem so bright. She says—

"Where are the things that are fairest on earth,  
Is it not in their change that their beauty has birth?  
The neck of the peacock, the iris's dyes,  
The lines of the rainbow, the April day skies—  
Would they be lovely as all of them are,  
Were it not for the chance and change that are there?"

If this be the true version, then cynics may suggest that it is because our castles in the air are so unstable that we think them so resplendent. If we ever really dwelt in them we might become sensible of their drawbacks, and wish ourselves back in the sober but plain and useful habitation that we now rest in. Perhaps, too, distance may lend enchantment to the view, and our memories may be more flattering than faithful. The golden kings and queens might be but gilt gingerbread if we looked at them now, the diamonds might be very inferior paste, the magnificent blank verse might be but sorry stuff under a critic's analysis. The fervid friend would be very tiresome, to say the least of it, in business hours. Snooks may have developed into a furious temper, and Miranda might look very unattractive on washing days. The "love in a cottage," which remorseless parents and pitiless guardians disposed of with such unnecessarily aggravating contempt, looks certainly very different when viewed with the eyes of twenty and of forty-five. It is better, after all, to be a substantial tradesman than a strolling actor, though we did introduce a

whole scene on purpose to express our feelings towards Mr. Jones for saying so. It is quite as well, perhaps, for us that these frauds in trade have swept away our hard won stores just as we were beginning to prize them too highly. It is better, no doubt—for we cannot question the Hand that strikes the blow—that death and sorrow and wilfulness have been busy among the smiling group whose future lives we mapped out with such anxious care. It is well for us that disappointment and disease and error and ignorance and disaster have swept down our airy towers, have disfigured their gay walls, and spoiled their pleasant places. We are but workers here, under a great Master Builder, who shapes and fashions our works as He will. If He sees fit to temper the confidence of youth by checking its chosen pathway, to soften the selfishness of manhood by striking down its idols, to bid age look to heaven by weaning its thoughts from earth, we may see the motive hereafter and be satisfied. Satisfied even with the downfall of our hopes, the failure of our efforts, the frustration of our plans. But though checked let us not be discouraged. The bricks that would not build a pyramid may suffice for a substantial dwelling, the architect that could not rear a leaning tower may accomplish a useful edifice on a simpler scale. It may need an angel to design a St. Peter's, but thousands of goodly temples owe their form and structure to men of whom fame never heard. Humble architects, without genius or power or wealth, or anything but a devoted application to the duties of their calling, have raised school and hospital and spire—homes for love and peace—temples for faith and prayer.

F.

## PIANOFORTE MUSINGS.

BY C. H. M.

WE have heard over and over again the musings of men one upon another, one trying to interpret, as best he can, something about his fellow, and often coming to the truth only by far-off guesses, trying, very vainly, to look into that wonderful thing, the soul, whether his own or another's, so utterly beyond his sight, his sound, and his intellect. Men are instruments, indeed, of sight and sound and intellect—all, so far as they give out rightly that of which they are the instruments, means of bringing out rightly that which intellect and sight and sound can tell. They are continually musing, with the aid of these their instruments, on the great problem of human life, in all its varied phases, inward and outward, and do cast lights, some clearer and some more obscure on the one great light of life, which really only dazzles mortal sight. They cast sounds into the great depth of being, which only gives back to them their own echoes. They try by intellect to solve that which continually baffles and perplexes them, because it is really in some higher region in which the intellectual powers cannot find scope for action, or, if it may be so said, material air enough to breathe. And yet from the very light, whose nature they try to penetrate, they themselves receive sight—the light of human sight, that looks at, and tries to look through the light of human life, is really receiving light from that very life itself. And so it becomes a most strange mixture; the very thought and speculations of men about themselves and their own life being inseparably connected with that very life, and those very selves. I do not say it is not well it should be so; I do not say it is not well for men to have it so; it may be rather the very best way of showing them something of themselves and their life, the very reason why human thoughts often bring deep comfort to human souls in dark and perplexing moments, the very reason why a Humanity should raise human men to diviner things.

But what am I, that I should thus be musing on the things which concern those animate beings—men—who are so far my superiors, by whom, to tell the truth, I am hired out for a certain time, and know most about them when played on by their fingers? Pianoforte musings! what can they be worth, specially when, as I said before, I am a pianoforte to be hired at the will of any one who will pay for me? As to this last, it is evident the answer will be that, being subject to changes which those of my race, who are, perhaps, confined to one drawing-room all their days, do not experience, I may be able to tell something more varied, and concerning various men, than they, however competent in their own

tones, might be able to do. As to the first question, what can be the worth to men of a pianoforte's musings about them and theirs? Truly, there is much to be embodied in the answer, which has to do with their very inmost selves, and also with something else. Remember, I do not claim any worth for myself, but simply for that of which I am privileged to be an instrument. I am an instrument of music—music, indeed, that is brought out by means of men, but which is in itself something, I might almost say, independent of them; because it is so far above them, because they are not able to control the messages their music brings to them, because, insensibly, their souls so often pour themselves out in their tones, just when they could not flow into anything else, just when they could not bear to rest in themselves. Music, that is in itself a something—I cannot say *what*—I would rather not call it a *thing*, for I feel it to be so utterly above all things. I cannot soliloquize rightly on its nature, for I am only one of its many, its *very* many instruments. I would not set myself up above other instruments, and specially would I not say that music is confined to instruments at all, for music embodies the highest principles of harmony; and where harmony is, there is music; and where music is, there is harmony.

It belongs, certainly, both to performers and instruments to spoil as well as to produce music; but I still maintain, however bad may be the performer or the instrument, it is not music itself that can thus be impaired; “spoilt harmony” is not harmony at all; and though the wrong note comes in the next chord after the right, there is no real music in *it*, though there *is* music in the one before it. This reminds me involuntarily of those strange principles in men, which they call good and evil, which, in a world of music, I suppose we should style harmony and discord. The very next thought a man thinks, or the very next act he does, may be as far severed from its immediate precursor as a concord on a pianoforte is from a discord; and yet one seems to have a strange sort of connection—may I not say a strange sort of influence over the other—which I fancy the sensitive tones of a pianoforte tell better than the confused soul of a man, while yet between them there is an eternity of separation—a mighty, measureless gulf,—all the difference, all the separation between a power of eternal goodness and harmony, and one of evil and discord. I maintain the principles of music are happily independent of the discordant notes and tones by which we seem to mar them. If I did not believe this, if my faith in it were not very strong indeed, I know not how I could bear the shocks I am continually experiencing from pupils and bad performers. Once, indeed, I was continually exposed to the horrible necessity of being forced to utter the most dreadful discords sorely against my will. It was when I was hired by a gentleman for his school-room, as an instrument by which his children might “learn music.” “To learn music!” I must really stop an instant at the phrase. I used to wonder how mortals could talk of learning music, how they even hoped to know anything about it, which is in itself so wonderful and unintelligible. I see now what they

mean. They call playing correctly on a pianoforte, with a certain amount of "execution," with aptness as to fingering, and proficiency as to long brilliant runs, learning music. After all, perhaps, they are right; this is *learning* music, of a master or mistress. Most fully do I admit it is a great step to that other learning of music and musical lessons which music itself alone is able to teach. I say a great step to it; in very many the first step, but not necessarily in all. There is, I cannot but feel assured, many a one who is truly taught of music, who might yet not be able to play a note, who, if sitting down to an instrument, might produce such discords as would, from the very innate knowledge of music then possessed, drive away the performer in disgust. I do not say that such a one would not do well to learn to play correctly. I do not say it might not be every help to understanding something of music, for I well know those who are most musical always long to be, and often are, the best performers. I only say that music is not limited to performance, for performance is but the mechanical part of music after all; it is the hand which plays learnt music, but it is the music itself that teaches the soul.

However, I am making a long digression; I often did make long digressions in that school-room, with only a phrase, or a note perhaps, for a text. The dull, mechanical routine phase of music which went on there often set me thinking on the deepest problems; the very unroutine-like music of childhood, and the routine which must still, by what seemed rather a mournful necessity, be observed to keep it in harmony, which sometimes, I am sure, broke the harmony most completely when it was trying to set it in order. But, perhaps, I have no business with the inner life of that school-room, and ought to confine myself to the music lessons, though I find it very hard to do so; for music will have to do with all life, and will steal, insensibly, from pianoforte tones to human hearts. I have wondered very much, when I stood in the corner of that square room, played upon by a pupil, overlooked by a governess, what different sorts of music they both really possessed; whether long teaching for the one had dried up the soul of music into a mechanical routine, to be daily gone through for the sake of earning daily bread; or whether music itself, all through music *lessons*, had not grown irksome and tiresome to the little fingers and the little mind that would be here and there and everywhere at the same moment, which loved music indeed, but could ill bear the restraint of a particular key, or the monotony of repeated exercises. I have wondered whether music would ever gain any real power over either; whether the teacher would get so weary of the outside case that she would never learn to love the soul within; or whether the little pupils would ever give attention and perseverance enough to the outward orders of music, that they might learn to prize the deep inward order of eternal harmony, of which the outward is a sign and an instrument; or whether both would be content with a wretched half-and-half learning of music—the one with a precise mechanical execution, the other with discordant and sluggish playing for amusement only.

But when the toils of the day were over, and the poor governess sought an hour's music over my key-board, the tones of some dear old familiar piece which she played told me plainly enough that music to her was, after all, very much more than a mere means of profit ; that it was her delight, her consolation ; that it told her, when everything else failed to tell her, of old times and friends and scenes ; times, indeed, which were past, scenes which were changed, friends—the friends that had made those times and scenes what they were—dead and scattered abroad, but wherever *they* were they were *living* still ; music told her that, if nothing else could. Music consoled her in her lot, strengthened her in her manifold trials, made her feel she could still be of some use to others as well as to herself, while she could impart at least some musical knowledge, which might be to them in future years, if not then, an untold comfort. Shall I say, that when her little pupils came for their daily practice, music did not tell me anything more about them than that they as yet knew next to nothing, and spoilt the prettiest airs with their discords ! I think not ; the tones of harmony were broken indeed, often came out with slow and uncertain touch ; but when they did come, I am sure the little players loved them, for how often did they dwell with delight on some single bars of a tune they knew better than the rest ! Were those bars inharmonious because the others often were ? Could they bring no messages to the little players ?

What messages ? Reader, I do not pretend to say ; I do not think I would penetrate, even if I could, all the simple mystery of little children and their little broken-up lives, so much like the tunes they play. And I would not say there were no messages, though perhaps they could not be understood as we should understand them, but much better, and realer, and simpler, because there is no forcing of feeling ; all is natural and fresh and beautiful, like the sparkling dew-drops on spring flowers. Men and women say the governess of those children said, that they could not yet understand the poetry and romance she loved. They could not understand them *yet*. Quite true. I wonder if she thought they would be more really poetical when they could. If so, the thought will come to me, who knew something about them from their music, that it was just because they were so truly poetical that they could neither bear nor comprehend all the grandiloquent sayings, and the hard words, and the hackneyed phrases that those who have been made more and more artificial by the world, take instead of poetry ; sometimes because they get in them all that they can now understand about it ; sometimes because they think it right to try to get, though artificially, what will not come to them naturally. I am sure it is the most poetical mind that will be, also, most ready to admit how unpoetical it is, as it is the best musician who will be most ready to admit how small a fragment of music he really knows, that the more he does know, the more he must feel there is to be learnt. One of the poets among men has addressed to children some beautiful verses, of which this is the last :—



"Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead."

Surely he knew something of poetry—something, too, I may say, of harmony, for they seem closely allied to one another; indeed, if it were not so, I do not know why I, as an instrument of music, should involuntarily get talking about poetry. We hear, in the musical world, about "the rhythm of music," and surely I may be permitted to speak of the poetry of harmony,—something about the inward soul, of which the other is but the outside. I cannot but admire the natural poetry of childhood, and the quiet, unforced strain of harmony, and I believe this sometimes makes me forget altogether the discords I suffer from those little fingers. But I have dwelt too long already on that school-room, and, perhaps, conjectured too much about those children. It was not my lot to stay with them very long, and then I went back to the music-shop; the next time I left it, it was to a different scene, and very different experiences.

My strings are "going" as hard as they can; I am bringing forth a long, quick strain in tolerable time, and some of the beings round me are keeping up as well as they can with their feet. This is my first sensation when I awake from a long silence, and wonder what is the object of the somewhat violent thumping I am undergoing. I suppose this must be a ball-room, and I must have been hired simply to give effect to the performance, and make these people dance well. But though, for the moment, I dignify this place with the name of "ball-room," I do not mean to say it was one of the magnificent apartments of the rich and great. I wish it had been. I wished very soon it had been my lot to be placed in such a ball-room; indeed, anywhere, rather than in this place, which I found was one of the lowest dancing saloons in the town. I know there is often much frivolity in a genteel ball-room, but still, perhaps, I ought not to say that music is utterly profaned, or even wasted there; the scene is in one sense a beautiful one, and surely the pure admiration of beauty and taste and talent is not, in itself, to be despised. There may be moral corruption under the fairest outsiders; I know there often is, but still it is something that now it is not recognised as the principle of society, that a certain respectability is still to be kept up, even though it be but the world's respectability, very poor, very unworthy, still it may do a good work where there is no room, as it seems, for anything better; so, anyhow, if good is done, or perhaps, I should say, if positive, recognised evil, as a principle, is kept out, we may take it, so far as it goes, and be thankful.

But this place—I know not why or wherefore I am here, or how those who revelled in a tawdry and empty show, that carried a miserable sort of poverty, and worse, on its very face, could afford to pay for a respectable piano; but I suppose the keeper of this house, with its dancing saloon, and all its attractions for evil, to allure all the wretched and degraded within its walls, thought it best, for that very purpose, to supply good

music. Good music amidst everything else that was evil and discordant ! A harmony to which words were to be sung, I shudder to think of ! A precision the more horrible, because it seemed, then, to be something like an acted, blasphemous mockery of all the inward laws of order and music. Many men would involuntarily have recoiled out of that room, through their own innate sense of order and propriety, without anything else ; but think, my reader, what it was for me to be placed there without, as it then seemed, any hope of removal, to stand there till all my highest and noblest powers were worse than annihilated, turned to the basest purposes, till, through long use, even I grew to be but the instrument of discord, and lost, as the human beings around me had lost, all sense of harmonious order, had learned to bow before no higher power than an evil one. And yet, that was what seemed to me then, my almost inevitable fate ; but it was not destined, after all, to be so. During the time I spent there, I learnt lessons which, I believe, I could have learnt nowhere else ; learnt to see how music could be, was to be, turned to evil. What do I say ? I pause in my musings now, as I paused before in that home of vice, and I think of that to which music there was ministering, and do not deny, because I cannot deny, that it was ministering to the lowest ends and basest gratifications of human souls and human lives, wrecked on the strand of evil. But why did it so minister ? Why did it carry in it so mighty an influence, so great a power, as nought else could ? Was it not because it was in itself so mighty, so noble, so good ? I believe so. Just because it was so good and divine a thing in itself, it had power—a power mortal men had turned, that it might minister to their own evil and pitiable weaknesses ; and because evil in itself *is* so utterly and miserably weak, therefore it is its very greatest triumph, its most terrible curse, when it can take the good things, the great, the strong, the pure, and turn them, if I may so say, against themselves. I mused on this, while I myself was the instrument of a profaned music, while the air was hot and clammy, half consumed by the blazing gas-jets, while around me the young and the old lived on their artificial, aimless—worse than aimless—lives, and wished that life itself was over, who scorned the life beyond the grave, who half loved, and half sickened of, their own living death.

Mystery of iniquity, I thought it ; I felt, as only music could make me feel it, but it was what music told me, too, that yet made me not utterly despair. If once I had felt that, by any possibility, music itself could cease to be harmony, that good in itself could ever cease from being good, that evil could ever cease in its nature and consequences from being evil and hateful, I must, I should have, most utterly despaired. But music was music still. There was music in the dancing saloon of a devil as well as in the noblest temple of a living God ; there was harmony—if it had not been so, would it have been worth the masterpiece of evil to make it minister to life's discord ? Yes, there was music still, even there ; its nature stifled, profaned, it might be ; its powers abused, its own best voice silenced to most ears ; not quite, however, to its own instrument ;

not quite, however, to the feeblest and weakest of its human instruments, who might be trying to give forth harmony, and not discord, to live the life of one who was made not only for earth, not only for himself. That still small voice came to me; it told me there was a great mystery of order, and harmony, and goodness, and truth, stronger, more abiding than the mystery of iniquity, destined to overcome it once and for ever.

And the human beings around me; they had once been little children, not trained, perhaps, in a school-room, like those with whom I last was, but little children still, with the sweet, loving innocence, and the living poetry, and the inborn harmony,—how soon corrupted, stifled, marred, how soon something, or, awful thought, some *one* had offended these little ones! And they were human still; these poor, wretched sinners, coarse, and brutal, and licentious,—they were human still: Was not this the greatest wonder after all?

I think not quite. Once, a long time ago, one evening, I think they called it Christmas Eve, an anthem was sung to my music, which began thus, "Unto us a Child is born."

I took a great interest in those poor people, and while I was there many left and many came; some I lost sight of altogether—where were they—how were they? Living in this world or another? I do not know, I dare not say; there was no hope for them.

The scene has changed. I am in another room, small and confined, with rather poor furniture; indeed, I was about the only thing there that betokened luxury, or even much comfort. It did not much signify to the one occupant, now she was alone, whether it was poorly or richly furnished. I do not think *she* could have lived there from choice; perhaps, it was from some hard necessity, stringent and uncompromising in its requirements. I do not remember to have thought the lady specially prepossessing, and I could not help wondering what sort of a soul dwelt in that commonplace-looking outside frame. Beyond doing this, I felt dull enough in that little dingy room, and did not know how I came to be required there at all. However, I did not long remain unused. Evening came; that solitary woman seemed to be more solitary still; now she had not even the bright sunshine to keep her company. At last she seemed to nerve herself to a great effort; she sat down before me to play and sing the evening hymn. To play and sing now all alone! And yet it must be, she felt; and surely she felt rightly, that it would be something worse now to forego that daily family custom, than to go through it with an exquisite sense of exquisite pain. Why better? Why should she not spare herself? Why is feeling always better than cold insensibility? Why is it better to cling to union through all and in all, rather than to sink hopelessly into an abyss of isolation? Let these questions, my reader, answer the others, and do not say that that woman who came to sing the evening hymn, the family hymn, all alone, was fanciful or superstitious, if she did feel the evening would be unblessed without it, if she

had a mortal shrinking from leaving undone what *they* would have done ; what *they*, for all she knew, might in some way do now. *They*—those other voices that had joined night after night together with hers, those other voices that had grown feebler and feebler, and, at last, had passed softly away like a chord of the music they sang to, which you sometimes fancy you still hear when the sound has passed out of the instrument, which you fancy you hear trembling on as though it still lived, but only gave to you a far-off, imperfect echo of itself. Voices that had gone, one by one, all but one, which long had joined with hers, that had just gone to join the others. *They* were singing ; they would wish her to sing. Life was better than death ; action must do more than inaction. She sang it, very softly, very beautifully. Very harmonious were those last, last words, trembling out from a heart that was almost broken, those holy words, that blessed Name which is for the healing of all hearts.

Praise to that Name, joy in that Name, union through that Name ! Did music bring all that ? Did music, though it made the heart ache and the tears flow more than aught else could bring,—did that deep eternal harmony and unity, which is the law of the highest nature, bring, in sorrow and through sorrow, the divinest joy ? in death and through death, the most perfect life ? out of seeming discord, the most real union and peace ? I believe so. I believed it then, I believe it now, this great mystery, this union of earth and heaven in a harmony, meant for earth as well as heaven ; I believe it, though I cannot understand it, though I am a poor instrument, quite worthless in myself, because I am not by myself, because we are not meant to be by ourselves, because you, my readers, because you, oh, living souls, are made to be, are meant to be, instruments of a perfect music and a living harmony !

## DICKENS'S WORKS : A SERIES OF CRITICISMS.

BY S. F. WILLIAMS,  
AUTHOR OF "CRITICAL ESSAYS."

No. 5.—"THE PICKWICK PAPERS."—(*Concluded.*)

"The pits of laughter dimple in his cheeks;  
His speech is flavorful; evermore he talks  
In a warm, brown, autumnal sort of style."

WHAT an exhaustless wealth of wit and humour there is in our English literature! What a multitude of infinitely varied, humorous characters do we meet with, laugh at, and make merry with, from "rare old Ben" to Charles Dickens! How these faculties appear in full and unrestrained play in the works of our old divines, here clothing themselves in singular quaintness, there blending with poetic eloquence, and again imparting light and warmth and life to the disquisitions of logic! What a crowd of faces smile upon us, and excite hearty, ringing laughter! There they are, in ceaseless profusion, in the dramas of Shakespeare. Thersites, with his sharp lithe jesting, his misanthropy, his scorching wit and sarcasm, and his open, deep contempt of Ajax: Mercutio, with his gay, riotous spirits, and his sharp pleasantries, and his mirthful sallies; Sir John Falstaff, "whom," says Johnson, "no man but Shakespeare could have drawn," for ever making a fool of himself, and incessantly giving forth exquisite witty sayings, as from an inexhaustible storehouse of fun; Sir Toby Belch, that merry, right royal toper; Festo, the clown, with his exuberant wit; Christophero Sly, with his extreme partiality and especial fondness for ale, a very sovereign of impudent tinkers; Touchstone, the amusing fool, with his droll brags, and his bright, pointed jests, "using his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that, shooting his wit;" Autolycus, with his rogueries and facetiousness, one of the merriest of scapegraces, and cheerfulest of intellectual spirits; Parolles, a monarch of braggarts, with his rich and plentiful fun, his nice detection of the ridiculous, and his sarcastic thrusts. What a glorious company! What health and delight they diffuse with their acute wit, their broad buffoonery, their exquisite humour, their frolic drollery! What a depth of wisdom they reveal! For, while wit may be associated with the false and superficial, humour is always allied to the deep and true. Humour is related to the heart, while wit has never that affection and charity which are attributes of the heart.

Turn from Shakespeare to Scott ; and then we have Dandie Dinmont, one of the most charming of rustic portraits, a countenance beaming with hilarity : Counsellor Pleydell, a shrewd and witty sheriff, that everybody in Edinburgh had talked with : Baillie Nicol Jarvie, a magistrate of immense dignity, a tradesman who is proud of his purse, a rigorous Presbyterian formalist, so generous and warm-hearted, and so keen a lover of courage, of "venturesome deeds and escapes," that he boldly declares to the council, in defence of Rob Roy, that, "setting apart what he had done against the law o' the country, and the hership o' the Lennox, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, he was an honest man than stude on any o' their shanks : " Davie Deans, with his religious peculiarities, which enter into and colour his sayings and doings, often making them laughable and absurd : the pedantic Dugald Dalgetty, with his covetous, niggardly disposition, his unswerving loyalty to his own point of honour, his insensibility to fear, his cool bravery and undaunted boldness : the simple, dreamy Dominie Sampson, that "gentlest of pedants : " and a large company of kindred souls, of whom these are pre-eminently the chiefs. How they amuse and delight us. How they people our imagination with droll and mirthful beings, with jests and waggeries, and absurdities innumerable ! How they fill life with merriment and laughter, ejecting melancholy, and melting coldness by their warmth !

The next greatest master of humour, in the order of time, after Scott, is Dickens, and the best of Dickens's exhibitions of that faculty is, undoubtedly, the "Pickwick Papers." It is a very warm and genial humour ; abundant and overflowing ; upsetting all decorum, sweeping down, like a resistless torrent of fun, all affectation and formality ; extinguishing, for the time, our English precision and puritanism ; exciting paroxysms of laughter, and flooding us in rich prodigality with jokes, and waggeries, and odd remarks, and facetiousness. It answers Scott's description of Smollett's ludicrous humour : "it utterly destroys all power of gravity, and perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter." It is as delicate as Scott's, as broad and farcical and happy as Smollett's ; and Dickens shows a nicety of tact, equal to Smollett's, in making it the agent for exposing the comical foibles and peculiarities of men. As in the case of Sterne, it is blended with a pathos which can move the heart to tears, as well as provoke laughter. It is even here, in this irresistible fun—the spirit of tenderness, a touching humanity. In the midst of the comic dialogues in the Fleet—of Sam Weller's characteristic narrations, which simple Mr. Pickwick accepts in perfect good faith and with the utmost credulity—of the absurd and somewhat bewildered figure which Mr. Pickwick cuts in the Warden's room, when he is joked and his good nature ingeniously played upon by Messieurs Smangle and Mivins, and when he is considerably embarrassed by the unremitting and annoyingly polite attentions of Smangle aforesaid—intermingled with all this gaiety of the prisoners, with Sam's imper-



turbable coolness and facetiousness, and with Mr. Pickwick's grotesque amazement at the unexpected familiarity of his neighbours, there is one pathetic touch, one sad picture, one bit of gloomy colouring. Singular characters there are in the Fleet, with their singular stories, all of them "gentlemen under a cloud," according to the phraseology of the obliging and mysterious semi-sharper, Mr. Smangle. Mr. Tom Roker, a quietly-cunning fellow, who successfully employed that faculty upon the artless Pickwick; Mr. Simpson who is "nothing exactly, he *was* a horse chaunter, he's a 'leg' now;" Mr. Martin, a butcher out of business, who seems to be dreadfully apprehensive lest Mr. Pickwick should be "chummed" with him and his companions, and who, therefore, wishes that persecuted gentleman to seek apartments in another locality; a red-faced, rakish, drunken clerical gentleman, who, when Mr. Pickwick, in a dilemma, announces that he is ignorant of the rules of the establishment, declares that if he "knew as little of life as that, he would eat his hat, and swallow the bucket whole;" the loquacious Mr. Alfred Jingle, erst, a travelling player, but now, with miserable and dejected spirits, a stroller in the Fleet, yet as garrulous as ever, as pertinaciously addicted to brief, curt, and emphatic sentences, summing up the important events of some years of his life in a dozen characteristic phrases, and detailing his prospects for the future with his accustomed volubility, but painfully alive to his wretched condition; Sam Weller's landlord, a sallow, bald-headed, bristly-bearded cobbler, who explained to his worthy tenant, in a humorous conversation, the reason of his connection with the place. Those are some out of that medley of humanity. But with all Smangle's artful manœuvring about Mr. Pickwick, with all Sam's comic gravity in "doing" his master with his laughable stories, with all the mock solemnity depicted on the countenances of the two Wellers during the Rev. Mr. Stiggins's discourse, and the waggery of their "gammon" of the red-nosed lover of rum, there is that in the prison which interests us more than the merriment and jollity—the death of the poor Chancery prisoner. It is a sad tale, breathing tenderness and a feeling human heart. It stirs one's heart with the misery and loneliness of it; it moves our deepest sympathies. "He was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, in an old great-coat and slippers; with sunken cheeks, and a restless, eager eye. His lips were bloodless, and his bones sharp and thin. God help him! the iron teeth of confinement and privation had been slowly filing him down for twenty years." The poor, broken-hearted, hopeless fellow is taken ill.

"I'm sorry to say that your landlord's very bad to-night, sir," said Roker, setting down his glass, and inspecting the lining of his hat preparatory to putting it on again.

"What! the Chancery prisoner!" exclaimed Mr Pickwick.

"He won't be a Chancery prisoner wery long, sir," replied Roker, turning his hat round, so as to get the maker's name right side upwards, as he looked into it.

"You make my blood run cold," said Mr Pickwick. "What do you mean!"

"He's been consumptive for a long time past," said Mr Roker, "and he's taken

very bad in breath to-night. The doctor said, six months ago, that nothing but change of air could save him."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr Pickwick: "has this man been slowly murdered by the law for six months!"

"I don't know about that, sir," replied Roker, weighing the hat by the brim in both hands. "I suppose he'd have been took wherever he was. He went into the infirmary this morning; the doctor says his strength is to be kept up as much as possible, and the warden's sent him wine and broth, and that from his own house. It's not been the warden's fault, you know, sir."

"Of course not," replied Mr. Pickwick hastily.

"I'm afraid, however," said Roker, shaking his head, "that it's all up with him. I offered Neddy two sixpenn'orth's to one upon it just now, but he wouldn't take it, and quite right. Thankee, sir. Good-night, sir."

"Stay," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly; "where is this infirmary?"

"Just over where you slept, sir," replied Roker, "I'll show you, if you like to come." Mr. Pickwick snatched up his hat without speaking, and followed at once.

The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room door, motioned Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man, wan, pale, and ghastly. His breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went. At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobbler's apron, who, by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the Bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee.

The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book, and laid it on the bed.

"Open the window," said the sick man.

He did so. The noise of carriages and carts; the rattle of wheels; the cries of men and boys; all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude, instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum, arose, from time to time, a boisterous laugh; or a scrap of some jingling song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life, that rolled heavily on without. Melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time: how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!

"There is no air here," said the sick man faintly. "The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about, when I walked there, years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I cannot breathe it."

"We have breathed it together, for a long time," said the old man. "Come, come!"

There was a short silence, during which the spectators approached the bed. The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp.

"I hope," he gasped after a while—so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed, to catch the half-formed sounds his pale lips gave vent to—"I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave! My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him as he lay in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, in all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me! He has seen my solitary, lingering death."

He folded his hands, and murmuring something they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep—at first, for they saw him smile. They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey, stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. "He has got his discharge, by G—!" said the man. He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died.

We love the man who has such pathos as this, who has the noble and courageous heart to show us, like Crabbe, humanity in so unpitied and abandoned a condition—to deeply sympathize with such desolateness—to bring forth into the light of day such unthought of and wrongfully neglected wretchedness. The pathos is not sentimental, a fault from which some scenes of a like character in succeeding works are not altogether free.

To return to the humour of these "Papers." Like Smollett's, it often borders upon caricature, and, in subsequent works, runs objectionably (here and there spitefully) into that excess. This humorous exaggeration is perhaps partly owing to the fertility of his rich imagination, to the fruitfulness of his fancy, to the thronging of his brain with glad and thick-coming fantasies, to the very super-abundance and intensity of his conceptions; and by means of it we see distinctly and accurately the truth he would convey, and the characters he would delineate. The extravagance is often but the "brimming o'er of his joy," the great exuberance of his spirits. It presents the reality with force and power. It suggests the fact with clearness, putting it prominently before us, though in undue proportions. We are always conscious that it is extravagance, and are never led away into mistaking the excess for the truth; we allow so much discount. Of course, this exaggeration makes the thing or person exaggerated so much below perfection as an artistic achievement, and so far from truth as a portrait of life—perfection in novels of character, as in painting, being allowed to consist in pre-Raphaelitism, in a rigorously exact representation of life. Among living novelists, Thackeray approaches this ideal more nearly than any of his contemporaries. Dickens has not attained it; has not the sound judgment to regulate his riotous fancy, by the aid of which alone it can be reached. But there is no evil, or fault, or blemish without its compensation; and so, through an amplification of the truth, the idea sought to be imparted is put before us plainly and vividly. The force and effectiveness of caricature lie in its substratum of truth, as in *Punch*, otherwise it would be pointless. Caricature is the extreme of the ludicrous. Its meaning is so obvious that we cannot fail to see it; we cannot mistake the significance. It perhaps detracts from the artist's or writer's merit, that he cannot as successfully combat a folly, expose an absurdity, lay bare and satirize a vice that hides itself behind a virtuous appearance, by presenting to us the fact in its true and natural colours, without exaggeration. It is the perfection of art to be strikingly and strictly true; to reproduce nature with exactness, not with any additions. Accurately to copy nature is the function alike of painters and of novelists, and he who renders his subject with precision, whether beautiful or sublime, lively or severe, sad or gay, pathetic or comic, supplies perfect knowledge, does noble homage to truth, deepens our earnestness, enlarges our sympathies with God's creation, fills well his office, and performs manfully his duty. A true artist, a great novelist, must be a man of vast and deep sympathies; his whole heart must be carried away with

his subject; nothing too small and mean for him, nothing too high and sublime. He must be inspired with a love of nature, must make his abode with her, must be reverent of her; for an absolutely faithful representation of nature, material and human, is the highest requirement of art. He must be imitative and creative, must observe, copy and invent. He should be essentially a *loving* man, with comprehensive and infinite affections, with an 'all-embracing grasp, but his zeal should never run into bigotry. He should have a keen, intense sense of things as they exist around him, and be truly loyal to them. He must never surround simple truth with erroneous details, but be true *in the whole*, not merely *in part*.

Apply these remarks to Dickens, and we see, even in his best characterizations and pictures, that he is far below this ideal. His humour, especially, sometimes takes fantastic shapes, recalling very forcibly the illustration by Phiz of "The Goblin" grinning on a tombstone, to the terror of the old sexton, Gabriel Grubb. Several instances of this tricky spirit will at once occur to the reader of the "Pickwick Papers," particularly in the descriptive parts, and the humour of phraseology. Everything is coloured with this hue. Something funny must be said about everything, and the ludicrous must constantly be kept in view. A brilliant comic light must be thrown around all. The merriment must be incessantly replenished, and laughter is not allowed a holiday. We are never satiated with the jest and banter, with the gaiety and drollery, with the ridiculous situations and laughable adventures of the "Pickwickians." But it is when the humour of these "Papers" partakes of the nature of satire that it also verges upon caricature, and there is somewhat of antipathy in the air with which Dickens holds up certain persons to our scorn and contempt. The most powerful satire in "Pickwick," although it justly exposes hypocrisy in its most evil and detestable form, suggests a feeling of prejudice existing in Dickens's mind against the men to whom the Reverend Mr. Stiggins belongs by profession. Dickens, like every true man, has a hearty and wholesome hatred of cant in any and every shape, under whatsoever guise, and the more respectable the appearance which the deceit or the imposing falsehood assumes, the more keen is his hatred, as it should be, the more fearless his denunciation, and the more effective his sarcasm. Vice has no friend in him; he is one of its most formidable iconoclasts. And when it clothes itself in robes of sanctity; when it takes upon its lips the name of that ONE whom we bow down to in awe and reverence; when, unseen and unheard by the world, by the profanation of its life, it blasphemes that NAME whom no man should utter save in profoundest sincerity; when, under cover of dealing with our highest and most awful interests, and while professing to lead us upward by a blameless and noble example, it secretly vitiates true religion and morality, deadens our affections for the good and holy, poisons our best feelings, and corrupts the heart of society; when it uses the name of Heaven as a veil for its wickedness; then is his satire most

healthy and pungent, and his service to truth most welcome and beneficial; then is hypocrisy unmasked, and its secret doings laid open and manfully denounced; then is cunning cant with its hollowness and guile effectively exposed; then, best result of all, is a good and worthy service done to the cause of Christianity itself. And we honour him for it: for bringing into light the far-spread falsehood, and courageously showing that it is a falsehood—for lashing the immorality with his sarcasm and scorn. The Reverend Mr. Stiggins is a well-merited satire; and it is true *in the main*, although very indecent and disgusting. And we must do Dickens the justice to remember that it is a satire, not upon religion, but upon the cant of religion; not upon piety, but the pretence of piety. The distinction is vital and important, and cannot be too much taken heed of in these days of shams, when, *how to live by appearances*, is one of the principal questions that agitate society—a contemptible question indeed, scarcely worth an earnest man's consideration, calling for his pity upon the weakness and artificiality that could suggest it—a question indicative of hollowness. The vile character of this hypocrite is not without its living examples, not without its true significance; but, in working it out, there is a tendency to prejudice in Dickens's mind against professors of religion in general. Most heartily and with infinite gusto do we relish the scenes in which this cunning pretender, this shameless mountebank is chastised with not too great severity; and we could wish that dissemblers were always punished in this effectual way—by simply exposing them. To publish the truth about a bad man who affects to be good, to unmask him and show his features in their true light, is the sorest and heaviest penalty he can pay for his dissimulation. To unrobe him of his semblances is to pierce him with sharpest pangs; to unclothe him of these vestments is his most afflictive retribution. With such men as Stiggins the truth about them is the thing most dreaded; they shrink from their *real selves* as from a hideously wicked figure. They have not the courage to look at the sight of their own baseness, and therefore they keenly feel the force of an exhibition of their heart. Vice grows upon them so rapidly and stealthily, insinuating itself so pleasingly into the innermost recesses of the soul with a strange charm and fascination; they crave for it ardently, and feed their appetite with it so richly, that, to have its real nature as exemplified in themselves brought before them is unendurable, maddening torture. For this reason, the Reverend Mr. Stiggins is a wise as well as strong satire—hypocrisy put to shame and confusion by beholding its own face.

There are, however, one or two allusions in "Pickwick" which indicate a feeling of hate against professors of religion generally, and which, by implication, throw contempt on the Gospel itself. Not only is the character of Stiggins broadly delineated in its worst features without any good quality, but Dickens puts into the Fleet "a chaplain," who, like Stiggins, is represented as "drunken," and who, in the conversation that takes place between Pickwick and the rest, seems to think of nothing but

"a gallon of beer." We should be glad to think otherwise, but Dickens seems to take a quiet pleasure in associating parsons with the beer-barrel and the spirit-bottle. We believe Mr. Stiggins to be the type of a certain class of hypocrites, and heartily rejoice at his downfall ; but surely every minister is not a Stiggins ! Surely there are some pure-hearted, some sincere and noble-minded men amongst them ; yet Dickens has not introduced one of them. Perhaps he has no sympathy with these wise and learned men, and no wish to represent their height and breadth of love, and show the largeness of their charity. He has passed them by in silence. He has ignored the religious element, save to satirize it. While, therefore, Stiggins is a just portrait, it is certainly a fault that Dickens has omitted to give us a view of these true and honest, earnest ones, and that he has taken every little opportunity of maligning the holders of the sacred office. In addition to this absence, and to these suggestive side-thrusts and asides, there is one passage which ridicules a cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and which is undeniably a contemptuous derision of religion itself. Nothing but a deep-rooted contempt of the principles announced by Jesus Christ could have put these words into Old Weller's mouth : "She's got hold of some invention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I thinks they call it. I should very much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should very much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse !" The irreligious levity of these remarks carries its own significant comment.

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## QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.

EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

*(Continued from Vol. III., Page 613.)*

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE DEPARTURE.

SEVERAL weeks had passed since the events related in our last chapter, and we now find Mrs. Courtney in her room at the convent, no longer employed in painting, or studying the lives of the saints, but stretched on the bed whence she was never likely to rise. The predictions of Father Eustace had been realized even sooner than he expected; probably, from the inefficient manner in which the nuns had treated so serious a disease. When a physician was at length summoned from Avignon, he saw that it was now too late to save the poor stranger's life, and strongly censured the neglect, or rather the conceit and folly of those women (as in his indignation he somewhat rudely expressed himself) who fancied that they were able to cure dangerous maladies with a bit of blessed candle! All that could be done was to administer some relief for the time; but the Superior was too angry at the contempt with which her precious relics and nostrums had been treated, to think of sending a second time for the doctor; and, indeed, only regretted that she had allowed such an infidel to enter her holy doors.

Mrs. Courtney sank rapidly, and the sufferings from pain and weakness were increased a hundredfold by her mental distress.

All that Father Eustace or the nuns could say failed to give her permanent relief: her terrors would change their object, indeed, but never left her, except for a few hours at a time. Sometimes her mind dwelt on the horrors of purgatory, respecting which, one or two of the sisters used to discourse to her, hoping to cheer her, by their accounts of the tenderness of the Virgin towards poor souls, whose time of misery she contrived to shorten: at another moment she would find her old doubts return, and purgatory, Virgin, and mass, appeared like fictions; then recoiling from these doubts with renewed terror, she would call for the priest, and after an hour spent with him, be again tranquillized for a little while. But a constant weight of depression rested on her soul, even at her quietest moments, and she looked on the probability of her death with such dread, that the Superior thought it right to deceive her by false hopes, and to talk of her removal to a convent in Spain, where the climate would speedily renovate her weak health, as soon as she should be fit to bear the journey.

She could not endure to be left alone a moment, and the nuns took it

in turn to sit with her ; often she would call to them in a voice tremulous with agitation, and ask to be taught some new prayer—to be given some fresh relic,—or she would petition the Superior to give away to the poor some articles of dress or convenience that yet remained to her, and to desire them in return to say *paters* and *aves* for her in the chapel.

She had not asked to see Clara since she had finally taken to her bed, though it was now more than a fortnight, and the poor child had already entreated many times to be allowed to assist in nursing her, or at least to pay her a short visit.

"Heretics," said the Superior, "were not to be permitted to disturb the dying bed of the faithful."

But Clara was resolved to make an effort, at least, to see her mother once more ; and she watched her opportunity accordingly. It had been lately found needful that Mrs. Courtney should have some one to sit up with her at night ; and when it fell to *Sœur Camille's* turn to be watcher, Clara thought she might creep in while the rest of the establishment were asleep.

All was dark—not a single ray of light was to be seen, except the feeble glimmer which shone through the chinks of the door of the sick room. By this light Clara, with some difficulty, made her way from her own cell through the long passage which led to her mother's chamber. She took care to move with extreme caution, and, indeed, her bare feet on the smooth boarded floor were so noiseless, that had the nuns been all awake she could not have been detected. Knowing *Sœur Camille* to be prepared for her coming, she fearlessly, though softly, opened the door, and heard her mother's voice as she entered, speaking. Unwilling to disturb her, she crept along the wall through the shadow cast by the bed, and ensconced herself behind the curtain.

*Sœur Camille* was seated close to the pillow, by a little table, on which stood a lamp, whose dim light showed a mild countenance, and long black garments, and cast a faint glow on the worn and troubled features of the dying woman, whose pale brow was knit with lines that told of severe mental suffering. Her voice was stronger than Clara had thought possible from what she had heard of her state ; but it was only the flickering of an expiring flame. She was apparently in the midst of a conversation with her kind nurse ; or rather, she was pouring forth her excited feelings, while her listener in vain tried to put in a word of consolation or advice.

"Ah, *Sœur Camille* !" she was saying, as Clara came up to the bedside ; "you do not know what wretchedness I suffer : it is easy to say, be comforted ; but, oh, my misery is past comfort ! I see it now ; for at last I know the real cause of it : for many, many days I have felt the burden of woe daily increasing upon me, and I scarcely seemed to know *why* I was so wretched,—why no prayers soothed me,—no words consoled me. I tried to fancy that one thing or another would relieve me,—but the truth comes before me now—now that it is too late !"

Sœur Camille endeavoured to interpose, but Mrs. Courtney's agitation would not allow her to pause more than a second, and almost breathless she went on.

"Sœur Camille! I used to be all given to the world in former days—in England. I never cared about religion; I thought I was religious enough because I went to church; and when Agatha talked to me of such things, I was wearied, and stopped her; yet I was tolerably happy, for the future somehow never came before me, or hardly ever; but since I came to France I became uneasy, I seemed to have a constant weight on my spirits; then the Abbé talked to me, he cheered me and set me at ease again. I thought I had found the secret of my discomfort, and should never suffer so again; I gave up my conscience to him, and he brought me into the true Church, and told me I was safe in her; but, oh! this happiness was short-lived; conscience will not sleep, and the weight of misery soon came back again; and *now* I know what it is, Sœur Camille," continued the unhappy woman, raising herself with difficulty while she stretched out her thin hands, clenched in the bitterness of her feelings; "It is *sin*!"

Again Sœur Camille would have spoken, but she went on with increasing rapidity: "I used to think I was good, because I did like most people; but now my sins rise up before me one after the other, like black shadows, in countless multitudes,—ah! no penances, no masses can suffice for them, and I have now no time to repair the evil of my past life; no time to repair *one* sin! Father Eustace says that leaving my money to the convent is meritorious; and I have done so: I have robbed my poor children for the sake of my soul, but I feel it is as nothing—a mere grain of sand weighed against a mountain. He says he will offer masses for me, that my Emily shall be a nun and pray constantly for me; but, oh, Sœur Camille, I feel it *now*, my sins are too many to be thus lightly pardoned; I feel that one year of serving God from the heart would be better than a thousand such posthumous acts; but, alas, even if I could live to serve Him, the *past* is past! He is merciful do you say?" for she heard a few words which Sœur Camille strove to repeat from Scripture, but of which she only caught a part. "Yes; but it is too late for mercy now—all my life I neglected Him; I stopped my ears like a deaf adder, when my child would have shown me His truth. I cast from me the Book of His word, and I am justly punished—the rebel is abandoned on her death-bed: He must punish sin—I feel it, and it is now too late to repent the awful account between me and my Judge; oh, it is too late!" she added in a choked voice, and she sank back on her pillow with a deep groan.

Sœur Camille bent tenderly over her, and opened her little Bible with one hand, while with the other she motioned to Clara, who was advancing, to remain where she was; "My dear friend," said she, "you appear to forget that we have a Saviour who died to atone for our sins!"

"Atone for our sins!" repeated the invalid as if she but half compre-

hended the meaning of the words ; "ah ! but Father Eustace says we must do good works also, and how can I ? it is too late now !"

Banish all thoughts of what Father Eustace says," said Sœur Camille ; "all thoughts of masses, virgins, or saints, of *human* intercession or *human* aid. Listen only to the blessed words of Him who came to take away the sins of the world !"

"Oh ! could He take *mine* away ?" Mrs. Courtney feebly murmured, as Sœur Camille proceeded to read, by a few verses at a time, a short portion of Scripture. Seeing that her patient appeared both calm and interested, she read another portion and another, till at last Mrs. Courtney looked up, struck with a sudden thought, and said, "But how is it that you have a Bible ? I thought there were no Bibles in convents !"

"Madame," said Sœur Camille, "it matters not how I obtained this precious volume ; enough that God sent me to your bedside with it in my hands, to bring, as I trust, comfort in your dying hours. Is not this a wonderful proof of His mercy and love, thus to send to you ere it was *indeed* too late, that Word of life which you had madly cast from you and rejected ? Ah, do not again turn from it ! while you have yet time, look to Him who is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto God by Him. Throw yourself upon His mercy, confess your sins not to man, but to the Saviour who alone can forgive you."

"Ah, that I could live over the past, that I could serve Him for one year !" said Mrs. Courtney ; "but my hours are numbered. If He can indeed accept me, it must be as I am ; but, oh, is it possible ?" Her tears ran down as she spoke, and her voice shook with anxiety as she gazed into Sœur Camille's face. "My dear friend, I solemnly believe that *it is*, if you are, as I trust, really a true penitent. Christ, who sees the heart, knows whether you have given Him yours, whether you are His penitent child, instead of a rebel. If it be so, He knows that, should your life be spared, you *will* serve Him ; but He does not *need* your services : He is able to wash away your sins, and 'to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, and exceeding joy.' I will read you what St. John says about the forgiveness of sins." But while she was finding the place, to her surprise, and still more to Clara's, Mrs. Courtney said, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness ! How is it that I never thought of, or understood that verse ?" continued she. "I must have often heard it, but my heart was hardened ; I did not think I had any sins, only a few *faults* ; but, oh, now I feel that I was sinning every day of my life ! oh, will He indeed forgive me ?"

"Indeed, and indeed, if you trust in Him," said Sœur Camille.

"Oh, pray for me, pray with me, Sœur Camille !" said Mrs. Courtney, pressing her hand ; at this moment her ear was caught by Clara's half suppressed sobs, and looking round she asked who was there ?

"It is I, dear mamma, your poor Clara !" said her daughter, coming from her hiding-place and throwing herself on her knees beside Sœur

Camille, who then offered an earnest prayer for the dying sufferer. When they rose, Clara sat down on the edge of the bed kissing the hand which her mother, with a faint smile, held out to her.

"Oh, my child, how I have wronged you by bringing you here," said she; "what would I not give to repair *this* act at least; and my poor Agatha whom I so cruelly sent from me that day! *she* is at liberty indeed; but you and Emily—"

"Do not now grieve for that, dear mamma; leave us in God's hands; He will not forsake us," said Clara; "think only of Him now; oh, say that you do not trust any more in these,"—pointing to a relic which hung from her mother's neck, and a crucifix, and image of the Virgin fixed just above her head, "You do not think they can help you now, dearest mamma?"

"No, no!" said her mother fervently, "I have done with that! I was in despair indeed, and had hope in nothing; but I had ceased to have faith in this scapular even while they hung it round my neck! and now I believe,—oh, Sœur Camille, may I venture to believe that even at this eleventh hour so wretched a sinner will be accepted? Yes, I feel it, I do believe He is mighty to save!"

"Thank God that you feel this at last!" said Sœur Camille; "pray earnestly while life is left, whether it be for a day or for years; pray, my dear friend, and believe that if you have in your inmost soul repented your misspent life, the Lord of mercy is at this very moment pardoning you!"

Mrs. Courtney clasped her hands, and for some time all were silent. At length she looked at Clara and said, "My child! take warning by your poor mother. Do not delay to think of all these things while you are young; you *have* indeed already thought on them, I know; while your sinful mother, instead of aiding you, did but throw hindrances in your way. But oh, my child! the misery of these last weeks! May you never know such wretchedness—such remorse!"

"But oh, mamma; you are not wretched now! you feel that you are pardoned?" said Clara, hanging tenderly over her.

"Ah, Clara!" said her mother with a sigh of intense relief, "I can far less express my gratitude for what is now *dawning* on my soul, and growing brighter every instant, than I could that misery which yet seemed beyond expression. That one so unworthy should be forgiven,—received! Oh, it is too much!" And again she laid back her head, exhausted with emotion.

"Do not excite her by talking more at present, my dear," said Sœur Camille. "Try and recollect some hymn or text in English; it would, I think, be peculiarly soothing to her just now."

Clara accordingly repeated a Psalm and one or two hymns which she had learned with Agatha. The sound of her native tongue seemed to be most grateful to Mrs. Courtney, and to go straight to her heart. At length she became quite calm, and inclined to sink into slumber; Sœur

Camille, therefore, advised Clara to go back to her cell and leave her mother to rest. But in the absorbing interest of what had passed, they had forgotten the flight of time, and just as Clara was softly kissing the wasted hand that lay on the bedclothes, the bell rang for matins, and at the same moment two nuns entered the room.

Their astonishment at seeing a third person by the bedside was extreme, and at first they imagined it to be a spiritual, and not a real flesh and blood figure; for Clara was standing with her back to them, and her slender figure clad in white, with her long fair hair streaming over her shoulders, did look in the dim and fitful light as if it were something unearthly.

"Holy Virgin! who is that? Can it be St. Catherine herself come to visit the departing spirit?" cried one of them; but as she spoke, Clara turned her head, and the light falling on her face revealed her.

"It is that hardened girl, Mdle. Clara!" exclaimed the other nun. "She has escaped from her cell, and come to trouble the last hours of her mother with her heresies. I will call the Superior, while you, Sœur Anne, lead this reprobate child out of the sick room."

The Superior met them at the door, accompanied by a troop of nuns who had been stopped on their way to the chapel. As soon as the matter was explained, Clara was sent to her cell with a sharp rebuke, though, as the Superior was ignorant of the length of time she had spent in her mother's room, and of the reading and talking which had gone on there, she could not look on the delinquency as very amazing or even very unpardonable in her secret soul, for she was not in reality a hard-hearted woman, and Clara's tears somewhat touched her in spite of herself. "There, go to your cell without more delay, child!" said she; "it is no use crying any more: you have made a scandal in the convent, and must keep to your room on bread and water to-morrow and next day for the sake of example, but that is all. Now make haste, or we shall have you taking cold, standing in this passage with your bare feet and only your night dress on. Go with her, Sœur Anne, and take a light!"

The Superior then proceeded to reproach Sœur Camille (who had given up her place to another nun) for her culpable weakness in allowing Clara to enter the sick chamber. As usual, Sœur Camille did not utter a word of extenuation, and when the Superior had scolded her for some time, she began to soften of herself.

"I suppose you had not the heart to refuse the child a last farewell, and I had thought myself of permitting her a visit to-morrow, in the hope that Mrs. Courtney might edify her and change her obstinacy into submission,—for what child could resist a dying parent? but to break rules, to disobey my orders, was a great error, Sœur Camille, as you must know,—and yet you do not appear to be contrite."

"I am sorry you are displeased, ma mère," replied she gently; "but, as you conjecture, I had not the heart to prevent her; nor would you have had, I think, in my place."



"I trust I should have known my duty better than to yield to the weakness of indulging a child against the orders of a Superior," said she; "but Sœur Camille, understand me, though your fault deserves reprimand and penance, I do not under the circumstances consider it absolutely inexcusable: you will keep to your cell on bread and water to-morrow and the day following; but at the present melancholy period, with death so near, no other penance shall be inflicted either on you or Clara, for I wish all the community to be in readiness to profit by the solemn occasion which is impending." So saying she dismissed Sœur Camille, who was only too thankful when she remembered that her Bible was safe, and that it had so narrowly escaped the hands of enemies.

Clara inquired of the lay sister who brought her scanty meal at mid-day about her mother's state, but Justine only knew that Father Eustace had been sent for at nine o'clock, which showed that the nuns thought her near her end. "Oh, Justine, do find out as soon as you can; do come back and tell me!" said Clara in great anxiety.

"I will, Mdlle. Clara, though I know I run a risk in coming to you, except to bring the bread; but you are a dear good child, and I feel in my heart that you and Sœur Camille are in the right and all the rest in the wrong, and I cannot help liking you and trying to serve you, therefore."

"Ah, Justine! could you have heard and seen poor mamma last night, you would feel indeed that the *Gospel* is right and all else wrong."

"I am inclined to join you, I assure you, could I manage to get away," said Justine; "but, hush now, there is some one coming;" and she hastened away, leaving Clara to await her return for two weary hours, during which her agitation was extreme, for every moment she expected to hear that the priest was terrifying or cajoling her mother back into the errors she had so lately forsaken.

"Well, mademoiselle," said Justine, when at last she came back, "all is over; and instead of weeping, my dear, you should be very thankful to God, for your poor mamma never recovered her consciousness, but seemed in a quiet sleep ever since you left her, until an hour ago, when she ceased to breathe. The priest performed the last rites indeed, but she knew nothing of it. They are all so vexed that she did not make a more edifying end, and especially that she had not the power of speech or even sense enough to confess! But I think it was all well, and I hope she is at peace, as Sœur Camille says. Father Eustace tells them that she is a good Catholic, and so they are not to be uneasy; but there now, Mdlle. Clara, don't begin to cry again; I wish I could fetch Sœur Camille to you; she might comfort you; but I dare not run such a risk. I must leave you now myself, for if it were known that I were staying to talk with you, who knows what my fate might be? Ah! if I only can get away some day—I am weary of this life; and Sœur Camille tells me it is not the way to please God after all!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## DETECTION.

THE grief and excitement of the last day or two completely prostrated poor Clara, and it was necessary to remove her from her cold cell to the infirmary, where, during a fortnight, she was nursed with the utmost tenderness by Sœur Camille, who, being considered a very good nurse, and being the only person whom Clara liked to have much with her, was allowed to spend at the bedside of the invalid all the time she was not occupied in the school-room.

It may seem strange that the Superior should have had no suspicion of Sœur Camille's change of views ; but the fact was, that ever since her entering the convent about ten years ago, she had been outwardly the same in all respects as she was now ; calm, gentle, and very reserved, in which last quality she did not in the least resemble most of her countrywomen. Her obliging and kindly disposition made her ready to help others wherever she could, but she had always rather shunned society, and was never heard to speak on religious topics ; so that there were none of the sisters who were on intimate terms with her, but she was much liked in the school-room, as she was gentle and clever in teaching ; and as for the rest, though looked on as rather unsociable, her love of solitude was ascribed to a saint-like fondness for contemplation, and did not therefore excite ill-will. Perhaps her secret could not have remained undiscovered so long had she not possessed the office of embroidery-mistress ; but in a convent like St. Catherine's, where fine work was made an important branch of education, the greater part of her day was necessarily spent in superintending the labours of the pupils or the novices, so that her retiring to her cell as soon as her duties were over, could not much surprise her companion.

Father Eustace, however, was not quite satisfied with her ; the incompleteness which he thought he detected in her confessions, and the way in which she nervously hurried through the customary formula, did not accord, he fancied, with the meagre, trifling, and vague confession which followed it. He was more acute than the Superior, and perceived some minute omissions in religious observances which escaped her eye ; but he had only very lately had the spiritual charge of the sisterhood (having succeeded an old and easy going priest, who had been confessor to St. Catherine's and curé of St. André for upwards of fifteen years), and he felt, therefore, that it was necessary to learn a little more before he mentioned his suspicions ; but he was on the watch, and it was not very long before a trifling event confirmed his fears, and induced him to put the Superior on her guard.

When Clara had a little recovered, the severity of her former life was not immediately resumed, as the Superior had great hopes, from her weak state and increased gentleness and submissiveness of manner, that a little

kindness would now bring her round without much difficulty, or at any rate that she would gradually forget the doctrines and ways of her childhood, and become accustomed to, and finally adopt, those of the persons who constantly surrounded her: so she was allowed to partake the recreation in the garden and all the other little comforts enjoyed by the other pupils, on the sole condition of not speaking to them, and was no longer worried by being repeatedly urged to go to mass or kneel before the image of the Virgin which stood in the entrance-hall. The fresh air, and comparative ease, brought back her colour and appetite in a very short time, and she was soon able to write a little note to M. Marcel, telling him to let Agatha know that she was quite well.

The winter was now again giving place to spring, for in Provence, winter is but a short affair, and the last lingering autumn flowers are scarcely dead when the first buds of spring begin to peep out. Clara and Sœur Camille, grown bolder by the length of time during which their secret had remained undiscovered, ventured occasionally to walk together during recreation time.

One fine afternoon they were in the walk which led by the river side, and had sat down on one of the terrace steps, near a large cypress-tree. Sœur Camille never omitted the precaution of looking round before entering into conversation of a private nature with Clara, but it happened, while absorbed in listening to a hymn which Clara was repeating, neither of them were aware of the soft approach of one of the nuns, who, having observed Clara—to whom she had a particular dislike—sitting on the steps, thought she would ascertain who was her companion, in the hope that she had transgressed the order of the Superior, and was speaking with one who was not a teacher. But her surprise was great, when, as she noiselessly stepped behind the cypress, she heard Clara say: "That is a favourite hymn of mine: does it not contain more true praise to the Almighty in its simple verses, than all the long weary prayers in the chapel, even if one could understand them?"

"Ah yes," said Sœur Camille, whose voice the nun recognized with increasing amazement, "how thankful may we be, my child, that our eyes are not blinded by these mockeries of worship."

A scream from the listener here betrayed her presence: she instantly regretted it, but it was too late: she hurried therefore to find the Superior while Sœur Camille, looking at Clara, said, "We are discovered!"

Clara stood aghast.

"Let us pray for courage—for our Lord's support," continued Sœur Camille; "we shall need it." They had scarcely ended their short but fervent supplication, when the Superior was seen entering the garden, accompanied by Father Eustace, who happened to be with her at the moment the listener had rushed into the parlour. The principal culprit walked calmly to meet them, while Clara hung back, dreading the storm of reproaches she expected, and fearing the sad consequences for her friend.

"Speak, Sœur Camille," said the Superior, "tell me what Sœur Thérèse can mean: she declares that you are as much of a heretic as that obstinate girl, and that you encourage her in her guilty pertinacity; speak, tell me if I have nurtured a serpent in my holy abode!"

"Calm yourself, *ma bonne mère*," interposed Father Eustace, "and take my advice; hear what she has to say in her defence—if indeed she can say anything to clear herself—in private, not here, where others may catch something of what is passing."

"You are right, Father," said the Superior; "these things should ever be transacted in private: I forgot all prudence in my grief and alarm."

They accordingly returned to the small parlour where she usually received Father Eustace. Clara was then dismissed to her cell, and Sœur Camille was formally interrogated by the Superior and the Priest in turn, for more than hour.

Clara waited impatiently for the termination of the conference. At last it was over, and she could see, from the narrow window of her cell, Father Eustace going out at the gate and then crossing the bridge into the town; but nothing transpired about Sœur Camille; for as Clara was not allowed to appear in the refectory that evening, she could not learn whether her friend was absent from supper. Justine indeed had evidently something to tell when she came to bring her evening ration, but as two nuns were in the passage at the time, she dared not linger to talk, and Clara could only gaze anxiously but vainly at her meaning countenance.

The next morning, however, when the sisters were gone to matins, Justine peeped softly into Clara's cell; "*Mademoiselle*, are you asleep?" said she.

"I am awake now," said Clara, starting from her troubled slumber in a moment; "dear Justine, have you heard anything about Sœur Camille? oh, do tell me! What have they done with her?"

"Hush, now," said Justine, closing the door, "and you shall hear. You know the priest and *la mère* were shut up with her for ever so long. Well, when at length they came out of the parlour, I heard *la mère* say, 'For the present then, father, this unhappy woman shall be confined in the cell under the chapel; I will have it made ready immediately, and you will write to the bishop without delay.' He said something I could not catch, and then *la mère* called me, and desired me to fetch a light. She made me accompany her down a long winding passage, whose very existence I scarcely knew of, though I have heard the old sisters talk of the under-ground cells; but oh, dear *Mdlle. Clara*, what a horrid, damp, uncomfortable place it is!"

"And is it under-ground that my poor dear friend is to be imprisoned, perhaps for all her life?" cried Clara.

"Now don't speak loud, dear child, for pity's sake," said Justine, "and you will have time enough to cry by and bye; do let me tell you all now. Well, I went down, as I said, with *la mère* into this gloomy

damp cell, and she ordered me to bring down a straw mattress and a jug of water. I asked if I was to bring a stool or a bench, but she told me I was to obey and not to ask questions; so of course I held my tongue. She then desired me to hold the light, while she went to bring Sœur Camille down herself; and presently they both came, and half-a-dozen sisters with them. I could hardly hold the candle, I felt so enraged with the Superior and all of them!"

"Cruel, hard-hearted women!" said Clara; "but go on, Justine, tell me all: is she there now?"

"Alas, yes!" replied Justine; "I was desired to fetch bread and water, and then to lock up the cell and bring the key to la mère (she put it into my hand as she spoke). I went very slowly upstairs, so I could hear them talking to her; one bidding her repent while there was time; another saying she would pray the Virgin to convert her, though such a hardened sinner was unworthy of the intercession of the faithful, but she would have pity on her nevertheless; and so on—as if to try and aggravate the poor dear soul. At last they shut the door and came away, but one stood sentinel at the top of the stairs till she saw me returning (I had run for the bread and water as quickly as I could to make up for lost time): then she too went away, and I opened the door. 'Sœur Camille, said I, softly, 'it is I;' then I tried to say something to console her, but not a word could I get out for weeping.

"Don't afflict yourself, dear Justine," said she, in her sweet voice; 'God is with me: I am not going to be left alone.'

"Tell me," said I, 'how it was and what happened?'

"Oh, said she, 'they asked me whether I had not agreed with Clara in expressing heretical opinions, and whether I had not for some time been in league with her, and so on. To all this I replied that I had certainly to accuse myself of having concealed my change of views.'

"Then she said how she trusted God would pardon her outward adherence for a time to ceremonies which her heart rejected; and how, knowing the consequences, she had delayed to discover herself on your account more than her own.

"I felt it my duty (says she) as a humble follower of Christ, to support and assist a child placed in such circumstances; but now the time for revealing the truth had come, and I could only trust we might both be supported under our separate trials.'

"Then she said she told them what she did believe, and how she tried to follow the Gospel. You may suppose they would hardly hear her to the end, and of course she was overwhelmed with reproaches and abuse. I wanted her to tell me what they had said, but she said she had already forgotten their words! Sweet soul! it is only good words that remain in her memory for a moment!"

Here Justine paused for breath.

"And is it quite dark in that odious cell?" said Clara.

"No, mademoiselle, not entirely ; there is a little window up at the very top, but as it only looks out on a passage near the chapel-door, it soon gets quite dark, long before we want candles here. Well, I had soon to leave poor Sœur Camille,—but she talked peacefully and seemed so full of faith in her Saviour, that I ought hardly to call her *poor* ! I assure you, mademoiselle, if I stay here another moment, it is solely for her sake."

"Oh, Justine, you will do what you can to give her a few comforts, won't you ?" said Clara.

"I can give her love, and interest," said Justine, "and convey messages to you—but that is all. To be sure, I can take the little Bible from you to her and back again !—that *will* be a comfort to her. What a blessing it is that you had it in your pocket when she was discovered ! Now I must leave you—but trust to me, I'll do the best I can for Sœur Camille."

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## COLLIER TRAITS.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

OWING to the nature of their occupation, miners are necessarily a migratory class, and the phases of their social life depend, to some extent, upon the influence of their surroundings. In the north, for example, where the general intelligence of the native population is over the average, the miners exhibit a greater degree of refinement than those of Cornwall and Devon, while the latter are higher in the social scale than their brethren of the South Wales and Midland coal-fields.

There are, however, some characteristics of a more general nature, not limited to particular districts, or moulded by local associations, but found alike in all the varied scenes of mining life. To a few of the more prominent of these traits, we purpose briefly to refer.

Entering a colliery village for the first time, one is strongly impressed with its utilitarian aspect. The straggling rows of huts in which the population thrive, display not merely absence of adornment, but absolute deformity, the result of subterranean industry on the part of their occupants. Gazing down the village street, you see one hut in a state of decline, its casements on a level with the muddy footpath; another, like the tower of Pisa in miniature, overhangs the pathway with a threatening aspect; while others are almost rent in twain by huge fissures, and planks of wood or bars of iron firmly screwed against the walls are the only obstacles to an immediate dissolution of partnership. First impressions are not materially altered if we change the scene and examine the interior. The one best room on the ground floor, designated the "living" room, rarely contains more than a deal table, one or two chairs and stools, an eight-day clock, a brown earthen pitcher, and sometimes a *multum in parvo* chest, which, as Goldsmith tell us,

"Is so contrived, a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

In the sleeping apartments, anything but a four-post bed and its belongings would be considered superfluous; the operation of washing being performed at the back door, where a huge laver on an inverted tub is always to be found. It too frequently happens that the dormitories are in constant use, for as one portion of the household are employed by day and the other by night, the beds are no sooner vacated by the former than they are sought by the latter, who, wearied with midnight toil, are wending their way to rest at early sunrise. Colliers are fond of, and as a rule generally obtain, good living, for they will sacrifice any comfort rather than forego their favourite dainties. Their tables display an

abundance of meat, cheese, and beer; and at the fireside there is a perpetual brewing of tea and frying of a kind of girdle cake, known among the colliers as "singing honey." A friend of mine, in the course of his professional visits to some colliers of the poorest class, found one family at dinner; and the scene presented was certainly amusing. The room contained scarcely a single article of furniture; not a solitary chair or table was to be seen; but on the floor, in the centre of the apartment, stood a large earthen jar, filled with a kind of Irish stew, around which the family were squatting or kneeling; and, each being equipped with a ladle, were simultaneously conveying the steaming provender direct from the pitcher to their lips, without the agency of plates, dishes, or any such modern innovations. The collier's home presents its most cheerful aspect after dark, when, as coals are plentiful, huge fires glow brightly on the hearth, hot enough, as an able writer observes, "to roast a refractory master, an exacting creditor, or an intrusive constable."

It does not require a very long acquaintance with colliers to discover that they are somewhat inclined to stoicism. It has often been remarked that their home ties are worn loosely, that they bear domestic or personal affliction with great fortitude, and that their grief for a deceased relative usually ends when the blinds are drawn up. Some keen satires have appeared from time to time in the columns of *Punch*, at the expense of colliers, in reference to this particular trait in their character. One of the most striking represented a collier youth just being informed that his father was drowned, and the grief-stricken heir is made to exclaim: "Hang it! and he'd got my knife in his pocket, too." A collier of my acquaintance met a short time since with an accident which totally deprived him of sight. So fearful a calamity would have crushed many a stout heart into despair, but he bears it with a resignation which is truly astonishing. He still follows his employment, being led to and from the colliery by his dog, which seems to be his nearest earthly friend. I often meet him in my morning rambles, and he has always a cheerful smile upon his countenance, and is not unfrequently humming a lively air, as he fearlessly follows his faithful guide. The absence of fear displayed by colliers in times of danger is very striking. In circumstances of the most immediate peril, the greatest recklessness is manifest. When ascending or descending the shaft, it is no uncommon thing to see a group of men and boys riding in the loop, formed by hooking back the chain upon itself at the end of the pit rope, instead of using the sliding cage, which Government enforces all collieries to provide. A gentleman of experience in mining, observes: "I once rode in the loop myself, but felt more than uncomfortable while swinging in *quasi vacuo*, and in *tenebris*. Fathers have been seen to ride thus, and bring up on their knees one or two boys asleep, after their day's work in the pit. I once watched a group clustering round, and clinging to the rope end on returning to the light of day, as a pitman expressively said, 'like a string of injins' (onions)."

There is one influence, however, which the collier is totally unable to resist, and that is, superstition. As the ivy clings to the crumbling ruin, so this relic of a dark age clings with tenacious grasp to the decaying ignorance from which it draws its nourishment and power. Driven, cowering and crestfallen, from the light of day, it still finds a lurking place, and rules with potent sway in the dim caverns and mysterious windings of the mine. Conversing a short time since with a swarthy banksman on the Staffordshire coalfield, I was initiated into much of the supernatural lore, associated with underground life. If in times of disaster anything be taken wrongfully from the dead body of a comrade, which is sometimes the case, the spirit of the deceased will haunt the mine until the stolen article is restored to its rightful owner. On one occasion, my informant remarked, with much gravity, a fustian jacket was taken from a mangled corpse, and the thief subsequently wore it. As a natural consequence, his mind was always being disturbed by midnight appearances of his dead comrade in dark passages of the mine, and at length one night, while he was busily at work, the fustian jacket lying by his side, he distinctly saw his deceased comrade take up the stolen garment, carefully put it on, and then recline against the wall, staring with fixed and glassy eyes upon the thief. This was too much for him. He instantly confessed his guilt, and made due reparation to the injured family. I have gleaned from other sources that the only charm that will disturb these unwelcome visitants from the spirit world, is a chapter of the Bible read aloud; and it is no uncommon thing for stout burly miners to beseech imploringly some fellow-labourer who is a "scholar" to perform this task on their behalf, that they may have peace of mind. Fancied "presentiments" of future events are very common among colliers, and they delight to relate striking incidents. A very intelligent miner informed me that one day, while at work, it suddenly occurred to him that his "pick" required sharpening. He thought, however, that this must be a delusion, as it had very recently undergone that operation, but the idea was not to be dispelled, and at length it so strongly impressed his mind that he could not refrain from going to the mouth of the shaft, where he could better examine it. Arrived there, he found that his pick was as sharp as need be, and was just starting back, inwardly chiding himself for being so foolish, when he heard a loud rumbling noise, and on regaining the scene of his toil, he found that during his absence a huge piece of rock had fallen just in the spot where he had been working, which but for this singular warning must have crushed him to death. One morning, as a "butty" was about leaving home for the colliery, he suddenly observed to his wife that during the night he had had a fearful dream; he thought that the pit had taken fire, and an inward monitor warned him to keep away that day. It was of importance that he, being the overseer, should be there to superintend his men, and he tried to dispel the thought as an idle fancy, but it grew stronger and stronger, until at length he yielded to its sway. Two hours had scarcely elapsed before sorrowful tidings confirmed the terrible

dream, and of ten who had just descended the shaft, only one was brought out alive. But perhaps the most mysterious story is a coal-pit legend, in which many of the miners of the Midland coal-field place implicit faith. In a small mine, which was only worked by day, there was employed a strange-looking man, known by the *soubriquet* of "Jack the Devil," whom no one could fully comprehend. Instead of working in the daytime with his comrades, he always chose to descend the shaft just before their day's work was over, and remain there all night quite alone. The work he performed was prodigious. He earned as much in those twelve solitary hours as his companions could earn in three days, and no one could fathom the mystery. One midnight, however, the secret oozed out. It had been previously arranged that some one should descend the shaft as quietly as possible, and act as a spy. This was done, and the scene that presented itself was startling in the extreme. Jack sat smoking his pipe with the utmost composure, surrounded by innumerable imps, who were busily at work under his direction. The spy was aghast at the sight, and shrieked in terror. The sound of his voice reached Jack's ear, far up the dim passage of the mine, and he turned round in surprise. The spy instantly signalled to be drawn up, and had no sooner regained the top than a shower of stones, pickaxes, and lumps of coal, all mingled together, and smelling strongly of sulphur, were hurled out at the mouth of the shaft in wild confusion. At daybreak the miners descended as usual to their work, trying to appear as though nothing had happened, but on reaching the bottom of the shaft, all disguise was thrown aside, for poor Jack lay quite dead, and half-buried beneath a heap of shattered rocks. A surveyor who was sent to inspect the mine, was of opinion that there had been an explosion of fire-damp, but the colliers still cling firmly to the belief that the eruption was caused by the imps, who, having been discovered by an ordinary mortal, broke the spell that bound them, and regained their liberty, to the utter annihilation of the unfortunate Jack. There is scarcely a mine with which some wild legend or tale of mystery is not connected, and there can be little doubt that this superstitious fear so general among colliers acts as a powerful preventative of crime.

The recreations of colliers, although somewhat diversified, are for the most part of a nature not requiring active exercise, or causing bodily fatigue. Worn down by the long round of hard and cheerless toil, the collier rarely seeks more active employment for his holiday hour than to sun himself at his cottage door, and take mental notes of the passers by; or else, rod in hand, to squat on the brink of a neighbouring "swag," and hook the perch and gudgeon which, strange to say, abound in these stagnant pools. The breeding and rearing of domestic animals is likewise a favourite pursuit, the chief household pets being dogs, fowl, and pigeons. These live together on terms of the greatest mutual familiarity and of friendship with the rest of the family, of which, indeed, they form part and parcel. Passing a miner's door when the family were at dinner, I have frequently seen six or seven cocks and hens gazing up at the eaters

with imploring eyes ; a couple of "bull pups" erect on their hind legs in a begging posture ; and on the threshold half-a-dozen favourite carrier-pigeons, known among the colliers as "whoamers."\* Occasionally, full-grown colliers will heartily engage in such juvenile sports as marbles, "pitch and toss," or "leap-frog," on their proficiency in which pastimes quarts of ale are usually at stake, and when the games are over the party will repair to the nearest alehouse parlour, and spend a social hour in the discussion of their individual agility or prowess, which latter, when debates run high, not unfrequently receives practical illustration before the night's carousal is ended. The periodical wakes, which are celebrated in all the mining districts, have been deprived of half their attraction in the eyes of their former supporters, now that bull-baits, cock-fights, and the diversions of the olden time are abolished, and those carnivals are now abandoned to such innocent enjoyments as feasts, shows, travelling theatres, and gingerbread stalls. The only relic of past barbarism is dog-fighting, which, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police authorities, is still systematically carried on. If we except those of the northern coal-field, colliers have little or no taste for intellectual occupations. Where a library exists at all, "Napoleon's Book of Fate," or the "Golden Dream Book," are sure to be most prominent. A tale of murder will gain readers, and the lucky newsman, who is the first to introduce into a colliery village "the dying speech and confession" of some noted culprit, may count upon a brisk sale. They have no native ballads ; their rhyme being limited to an occasional effusion, prompted by some thrilling local tragedy, which, we need scarcely say, is not of a high, although of a somewhat rare order. There is one good feature, however, about these native productions. The profits derived from the sale are invariably applied to the benefit of those who have been bereaved by the subject of the epic. Seeing, therefore, that they are purely charitable efforts, we will not be harsh in our criticism. But although colliers cannot boast much native poetry, few classes have a choicer or more characteristic stock of fireside stories. A genuine, unvarnished colliers' story is so great a literary curiosity, that I cannot resist quoting, as a specimen, one of the most popular, and which enjoys the reputation of being founded on fact :—

"In the good old times when Sundays were not so rigidly observed as in this degenerate age, it was a custom for butchers to deliver on a Sunday morning the joints ordered by their customers the night before. The wife of a butty collier, in the flush of fortune, had suddenly become a "foine leddy," and set up an Irish servant, to whom one Sunday morning she gave directions for preparing dinner. The "leddy" had no sooner started to church than the butcher duly arrived, but instead of bringing the joint ordered, brought one of a different kind, and Bridget, although quite innocent of the art of cooking, naturally supposed that the receipt

\* "Whoam" is a technical term for home. The pigeons are so called because they will find their way back to a given spot, at a distance of twenty, thirty, or even forty miles.

left by her mistress for the preparation of the joint ordered, would not apply to the joint received. So she was greatly perplexed. What was to be done? Why, there was clearly only one way out of the dilemma, She must follow her mistress to church and obtain the requisite information. After a short deliberation she did so, but on reaching the church found that to approach her mistress would be to disturb the congregation and as she was a distance of six pews from her, she hit upon the following ingenious expedient. Waiting anxiously until a psalm was being chanted, she chimed in, with a voice so loud and shrill that it could not fail to catch her mistress's ear :—

“The butcher's brought a leg and a loin,  
And I don't know how to do-o-o it,

A—men !”

The “foine leddy” was naturally startled, and contemplated, with a look of horror, Bridget's auburn head erected near the door. Receiving no answer, however, Bridget, after an intermediate verse or two of the psalm had been chanted, perseveringly repeated the confession of her ignorance in the art of cookery, keeping in admirable tune with the rest of the congregation. Her mistress saw no alternative but to reply in like manner, and did so in the following strain :—

“Roast the leg, and boil the loin,  
And make a puddin' o' the su-u-et.

A—men !”

Upon hearing which, Bridget immediately quitted the church, with a wiser head and a lighter heart!

I might go on to multiply *ad infinitum* these illustrations of the foibles of colliers, but I forbear. Those already quoted will give the general reader some idea of their social weaknesses; and I will proceed to the more pleasing task of enumerating a few of the redeeming features in the collier's character. Before doing so, however, we observe that the origin of the traits referred to lies in the peculiar nature of their daily toil. Much of their social discomfort may be attributed to the fact, that a collier can earn as much wages at nineteen years of age as at any period of his life, and consequently a stimulus is given to early, and therefore imprudent, marriages, to which the scenes of household wretchedness are mainly due.

And can we wonder if colliers are stoical, when we consider how innured to sights of woe they are? Considering how they are continually surrounded by scenes of misery or death,\* the wonder is, not that they give so little outward evidence of tender feeling, but that they display any evidence at all.

Superstition, also, is not an unnatural result of a life of labour in dark

\* In the year 1862 there were not less than 738 distinct accidents in the coal mines of Great Britain, resulting in the deaths of 1133 colliers. Of this number, 190 were killed by explosions of fire-damp; 422 by falls of coal; 137 in shafts; and 384 by miscellaneous calamities.



and cheerless caverns, made horrible by the fearful death-scenes they have witnessed, and the wails of terror that have echoed in their dismal passages.

And when we take into consideration how ground down by slavish and incessant toil they are; how each day's work leaves them utterly prostrate and exhausted; we are not to wonder if they *do* devote their brief leisure to mere animal gratifications and sensual indulgences. Seldom, if ever, brought into contact with the proprietors of the colliery in which they are employed, they are the victims of bailiffs or "butties," who, springing from the lowest class, often become, when vested with authority, unrelenting and tyrannical. Thus, without a kindly voice to cheer them, or a helping hand to guide, they toil without encouragement and hope, until a fall of earth or a terrible explosion brings their wretchedness to an end.

But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, there is much in the character of colliers to admire. They are peaceable, good-hearted, and hospitable toward strangers. A mendicant will obtain more assistance at the collier's door than at the threshold of the majority of the middle classes. Intemperance is not nearly so common among miners as among skilled artizans. Profligacy and vice they are comparatively free from, and their honesty is proverbial. There is much native talent and mental worth existing, like rough diamonds, in many of those rugged forms, which an unacknowledged *caste* has taught the pride of respectability to despise. A Staffordshire clergyman tried an experiment, a few years ago, with a few uncouth collier youths. Taking a dozen of them, he formed a class for mental improvement, and laboured assiduously, commencing with the alphabet, and proceeding step by step upwards. The lads took kindly to it. They met for an hour every morning before going to work, and their progress was something remarkable; for last year several of them gained prizes at the Society of Arts examinations. A considerable improvement is manifest of late years in the social life of colliers, although its growth is somewhat tardy. A pleasing evidence of refinement is displayed in the growing taste for floriculture, many of their cottage windows now being radiant with fuschias and calceolarias, and their rooms fragrant with the perfume of musk or mignonette. Only the other day, a lady of my acquaintance, who is passionately fond of flowers discovered in one of the meanest cottages of a colliery village, a choice specimen of the ice plant, that would not have done discredit to a Crystal Palace flower show. The development of excursion traffic by the various railways is also assisting to bring about a reformation in the habits and enjoyments of miners. It is no uncommon thing now-a-days to meet with "canny colliers," clad in Sunday gear, and accompanied by their wives and children, on the sands of Rhyl; among the bathing-boxes of Southport or New Brighton; under the shadow of the proud old Wrekin; or on the green slopes of Malvern—places which, a few years ago, were as remote to them as the landscapes of Italy or the castles of the Rhine.

Popular education is likewise exerting a great influence for good; and the various religious bodies, by the spread of churches, chapels, and Sunday schools, have long been sowing seed in silence, which is now yielding fruit a hundredfold. Where a religious zeal has seized the mind of a collier, he becomes at once an earnest and energetic worker for good. Indeed, to reformed colliers many chapels and schools are dependant for their existence and support. The recent government regulation which excludes children under ten years of age, who cannot read and write, from employment in mines, augurs well for the next generation of miners. It may be said of the collier, as was once said of Dr. Johnson, "There is nothing of the bear about him but his skin." Uninviting as he may be to outward appearance, if we probe inwardly we shall find much to honour and esteem, and even love. We shall discover that, stoical as adverse circumstances may have rendered him, when once moved to sympathy—when once the better feelings of his nature are aroused—his kindness and compassion know no bounds.

Not many years ago a fearful tragedy occurred in one of our large coal-fields, by which seventeen poor fellows lost their lives. The sympathy displayed by the inhabitants of the village adjacent to the colliery was remarkable for its depth and fervour. Every blind was lowered, and sorrow was depicted on every countenance. Three sad days of mourning passed, and then came the funeral. I shall never forget it. It was in the peaceful hush of a beautiful Sabbath calm, and the winding road was filled by a procession of several hundred miners, who followed their hapless comrades to their last resting place. As the coffins were lowered one by one into the earth, every eye in that vast company was dim with manly tears. In the evening the Vicar of the parish, whose exertions on behalf of the miners are beyond all praise, preached a special sermon on the painful occurrence. The church was crowded from end to end; the congregation being almost exclusively composed of colliers. It would have melted the heart of the veriest cynic to behold that sea of eager upturned faces, as the preacher dwelt upon the dread occurrence, and pointed morals from the untimely end of their companions, whom they had so recently laid in the grave. Many a heart was full, and many an eye ran over. Those brave muscular chests heaved sorrowfully, and those giant forms were all subdued to childish tenderness and love.

The midnight glare of neighbouring collieries falls upon my paper as I write these closing lines. They seem like flickering torches spread over the desolate landscape to make the darkness visible, but ere long they will be eclipsed by the breaking of the gray dawn, and the darkness will utterly disappear. It is thus with the intellectual lights that have been burning these many years in the moral atmosphere of mining life. Hitherto they have served only to reveal the surrounding density, but we have hope that ere long the light of a growing intelligence will penetrate the inmost recesses of the mine, and shed its lustre round our miners' hearths and homes.

## SUSPIRIA.

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### I.

A. D. MDCCCXLIX.

FRIEND of my youth, I saw thee fade ;  
I saw the change that suff'ring made ;  
I saw thee droop from day to day ;  
Ah me ! I could but weep and pray.

I saw the soul's ethereal fire  
From those imperial orbs retire ;  
And shades of death, dun clouds, give place  
To hues of snow on that dear face.

O pang supreme ! I saw thee die ;  
I caught thy last, long flutt'ring sigh ;  
I saw thy quiv'ring lip grow still ;  
And knew thee past all earthly ill.

Then surged my heart with wildest woe ;  
Then nature reel'd beneath the blow :  
Gone ! gone for ever ! breathless clay  
All that remain'd of thee that day.

O grief ! to stand beside the bed  
Where lies the lov'd, the lost, the dead :  
To wait, to watch :—to seek in vain  
The eyes that ne'er shall ope again.

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### II.

A. D. MDCCCLXIII.

THE winds of Autumn, moaning rise ;  
In softest song, the bird replies :  
Bright silver clouds float o'er the skies,  
Like angels' wings.

And years, long years have waned away,  
Since closed in night that dreary day ;  
And, seen through tears, a tomb-stone gray  
Now tells of THEE.

A name ; a date ; a craving pray'r ;  
A red-rose tree that scents the air ;  
Brown, spectral leaves ; and, buried there,  
Dust, mould'ring dust.

And these—these—all I gaze upon ?  
Yea, thou art gone—for ever gone :  
Earth knows thee not ; and I must on  
To where thou art.

O would I call thee back again,  
To face once more life's stormy main ;  
Once more the bitter draught to drain  
God's favour'd share ?

No, no ! sleep on, thou tempest-tost ;  
Life's howling waves, at length, are crost :  
Mine, to give thanks : O lov'd and lost !  
Sweet peace is thine.

Mine to give thanks, yet heart-struck weep,  
Lone voyager upon the deep,  
Whose sadden'd eyes, turn'd westward, keep  
Watch for the land :

The land where never more is pain ;  
Where grief is not, nor hope, in vain ;  
Where sever'd Friends shall meet again,  
No more to part.

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.

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## The Lady's Literary Circular.

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SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES. By A LAYMAN. In the Press, and will shortly appear. (Edinburgh: Caledonian Press. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green.)

WE have been favoured by the Publishers with a sight of the above work in loose sheets, and are therefore able to take advantage of the circumstance, to give an early notice of the scope and character of a book in which, we are confident, our readers will take considerable interest.

The result of some twenty years of labour, "SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES" contains the kernel of diligent research through this long period, made by a student who loves his task.

We lay stress upon the length of time since the work was commenced, for a particular reason, which is to claim the originality of a system lately adopted in a valuable edition of the Bible.

"*The Commentary wholly Biblical*" adopts the plan of elucidating one passage of Scripture by quotation of the *biblical words* from another portion of Holy Writ; consequently the whole commentary is in pure Bible language.

Reference is made to the above work, recently published by Messrs. Bagster, to say, that exactly the same plan has been adopted by the author of "SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES," who, by a happy choice of subject, has selected those portions of the Bible and the Prayer Book, which are generally allowed to include as many of the vital truths of the Christian religion as can be included in a similar space.

These are the COLLECTS, EPISTLES, and GOSPELS of the Book of Common Prayer, and "*a Layman*" takes these, and, in the colloquial form of question and answer, he answers every inquiry that arises out of their text, by a reply quoting those passages of the Bible which immediately refer to and explain the subject. This work, therefore, may be generally recommended to people of all opinions, who accept the Bible, for it is not written to defend or advocate the doctrine of any sect whatever.

The character of "SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES," moreover, from its selection of the Collects, etc., for a text, constitutes it a manual of the Festivals of the Church, explaining their origin and meaning. This, Dr. Hook, the well known Dean of Chichester, had performed in a pocket volume, which has been found widely acceptable by the public.

On a future occasion we trust to have the pleasure of giving a page quotation from "A LAYMAN'S WORK, to show its style, and consecutive simplicity of its questions and answers. Quotation will do this better than description, and we must therefore now content ourselves with a critical reference to its immediate aims and distinctive character.

It is a novel kind of composition calculated to impart a general knowledge of the Holy Scriptures in a sound yet enlightened form; enabling the Christian to read them, as it were, in the pure light of God's Holy Word, through continued quotations of that Word, confirmed by marginal Scriptural references.

In this biblical illustration of it, recourse has been had to a colloquial style, better adapted than lengthened dissertations would be to render interpretations of difficult passages in Scripture intelligible; while, to prevent if possible, that dry discussion, which still often accompanies works of research, the Author has selected the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, for the purpose of disseminating them in a form that he hopes may prove not only useful, but also frequently interesting.

Moreover, he has considered, that by adopting the plan of detached Paraphrases, reference may at any time be made to the scriptural reading of a Collect, Epistle, or Gospel, without necessarily involving the further perusal, at any one time, of a work composed *but of quotations* from Scripture, confirmed by marginal biblical references.

From this description our readers will be enabled to form some idea of "SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES." It has evidently been written but with the view of inculcating, if possible, a system of Christian piety, that would aim at being free from either the taint of superstition or the blast of infidelity; and as a Book of Bible doctrine, we unhesitatingly recommend the Author's years of labour, which have made easy to the Reader an explanation of the Scriptural mine out of which the treasures have been collected. As a text book for families and teachers, its use may be universally and confidently accepted.

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## Our Orchestra Stall.

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### SEPTEMBER 7.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"*An Awful Rise in Spirits*," by Mr. Tom Taylor, produced. The piece refers to the present gathering of sprites in most of the thronged resorts of the metropolis and elsewhere. Two professors repair to a church-yard in search of ghosts suitable for their purpose, when they are surrounded by all the traditional spectres of the older dramatists. The conclusion of the piece is disfigured by personal reference to the management of other theatres, and in general condemnation of "ghost" dramas.

### SEPTEMBER 12.—DRURY LANE THEATRE.

"*Nature's above Art*," the new comedy by Mr. Falconer, the lessee, brought out. We had thought the day had long gone by when a dramatist would found a comedy on the inequality of birth—claiming for good blood, inherent virtue and high principle; whilst an obscure child, although, by mischance, raised to a high station, retains all the baseness which is supposed to belong to low birth. This groundwork is all the more behind the age since the action is during the present day. The comedy, however, although sustained by clever acting and very good scenery, is too indifferent to keep a place on English boards beyond the first nights it can be made to run; so this last trespass on modern enlightenment may be dismissed to its deserved obscurity.

### SEPTEMBER 12.—VICTORIA THEATRE.

"*The Trail of Sin*," a drama by Mr Leslie, brought out. The merit of scenery, writing and acting in this capitally arranged piece should give it a long success. The present "West End" lessees of this "over the water" theatre have now, for a long season, successfully introduced a class of entertainment which might be given with applause in any house in London; generally providing, the names and social position of the characters of the play were changed to suit the better dressed and richer patrons of the West End theatres. "*The Trail of Sin*" reveals the old story which Bulwer-Lytton and other novelists adopt—namely, a sin, almost a venial sin all things considered, is committed in early life by a thoughtless or wilful youth; and his bad accomplices dog him through all his after-life, extorting money, intruding their company on him, and really making his existence a curse. The "*Trail of Sin*" shows the many struggles and episodes of a good man thus situated; his crime of a moment had been succeeded by immediate remorse, and the fruits of his repentance had been a life of usefulness as a doctor, and of high-principled respectability as a man. But his old accomplice still haunts him, until, in sheer abhorrence, the now wealthy gentleman defies the low "vampyre" to do his worst. This worst is attempted, but proves less than was expected, as the supposed murdered man is found to be living; and thus the drama ends in the happiness of the hero, who gives his hand, unstained with blood, to the heroine.

### SEPTEMBER 21.—DRURY LANE THEATRE.

"*The Deal Boatman*," called a serio-comic drama, by Mr. Burnand, produced. The action is nearly the same as the episodes in "*David Copperfield*," in which the pretty Emily, Old Peggotty, Ham, and the "villain" take part. In the present piece, the said villain is a much better character than the *Steerforth* of Dickens's

novel; and he, as he should do, makes all things end well by marrying the heroine. Those who can read the signs of the times see in this excellent piece a new direction of public taste towards the natural rather than the exaggerated events, which, of late, have had the theatres to themselves.

#### STRAND THEATRE.

"*Where's your Wife?*" the disagreeable farce of an agreeable and usually clever writer, Mr. J. V. Bridgman, brought out. The piece turns on the absences of husbands in places where they ought not to be, but where they are met by their own wives; so that events transpire which compel the lords and masters to make terms at the end of the piece, which place them under the ridiculous disadvantage of submitting to defeat by their own weapons.

#### OCTOBER 1.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

"*Leah*," a new drama, introduced as the heroine Miss Bateman. The scenes and time of "*Leah*," rather indicate the plot of a grand opera than Adelphi play-goers would expect at that merry house. Those who may have seen "*Deborah*," by *Rosenthal*, in which Madame Ristori played the principal part, will recognise the new *Leah* as the old Jewish character. In a small Christian village of *Styria*, where the Jewish race are accounted accursed, the events of the drama transpire. *Leah* is the unhappy maiden who loves *Rudolf*, and is, in her passion and reasonable convictions, at heart a Christian like her lover. Affairs, however, so turn out that *Rudolf* marries another, *Madalena*, through the machinations of friends and the antipathies of race. Thus a fine opportunity is found for "turning love to hate," and the Jewish *Leah* curses the lovers in very strong and poetical language, though, in after years, on learning *Rudolf's* loyalty to her until he had believed her mercenary and cold, she very properly annuls her curse, which hitherto had been singularly harmless, and bestows her blessing instead on husband, wife, and children. *Leah* is an old-world martyr of circumstances, and is in herself, and in the sorrows that emphasize her life, an interesting type of heroic womanhood. The drama was well received, a feeling which shows the re-action in theatrical matters, has taken a legitimate direction here as in some other of the London houses.

#### NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.

"*Ixion; or the Man at the Wheel*;" brought out by the author of the "*Deal Boatman*." As that piece was a domestic drama, the above being a classical burlesque, proves Mr. Burnand to be a two-handed composer, who is likely to make a name on the stage.

The old mythological legend is closely followed, and *Ixion*, the guest of *Jupiter*, falling in love with *Jupiter's Queen*, enables the author to mix up fable and modern life very successfully. Indeed, so successfully, that the burlesque is the "talk" of London, and cabs and carriages carry play-goers to Dean Street, Soho, who have never before been inside the little box of a theatre. Rather too much accent has been laid on the novelty of this farce. French authors have long since set the example in these classical subjects as well as in social. Nevertheless, Mr. Burnand's great success is one that his clever writing deserves.

## Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

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### SEPTEMBER 1ST.—TUESDAY.

*National Shakespeare Committee.*—Each week the Secretaries are receiving numerous additions to the already very strong Committee. The list, when complete, is likely to include almost every name of eminence in Shakespeare's England, and not a few from outside this island, "set in the silver sea."

*John Locke* lies buried at High Laver, a little village in Essex. The present rector appeals for assistance to keep in repair the neglected grave of the great philosopher. Somehow our fathers of the last generation generally showed a Gothic indifference to all such matters, and the present age may, undoubtedly, be considered more generous to the dead lions of the past. The value of sentiment has been discovered, and thus the nation can afford to spend its hundred thousand pounds on a monument to the late Prince Consort, because it knows the light of a good example is cheap at even a hundred thousand pounds.

*New Royalty Theatre*, Dean Street, Soho, re-opened by Mrs. Selby, the widow of the talented actor and playwright.

### SEPTEMBER 2D.—WEDNESDAY.

*Soft Gold.*—A Professor of Geology at Strasbourg has obtained a new metal from the mineral waters of Alsace. It is yellow like gold, but soft as lead, and is found useful in jewelry.

*Early English Literature.*—Mr. J. Payne Collier proceeds with his plan of re-publishing rare Tracts, etc., by subscription. The last issued is entitled "The Tide tarrieth for no man."

*New Fibre.*—The Rouen Chamber of Commerce is exhibiting a nettle from Siam, which is thought likely to be introduced in manufactures of cotton, wool or silk.

### SEPTEMBER 3D.—THURSDAY.

*Magnetic Iron* has been discovered in a vein several feet thick in Sweden. The whole mountain is traversed by the vein, and is rich in minerals.

*Postal Initials.*—The London districts, N.E. and S.W., are found to extend so wide that the Post-office authorities have abandoned these initials. Correspondents, therefore, may, in future, omit the letters, which lend no facilities.

*New Gun Metal* made of copper, with a compound of silicium (the basis of sand), has been made, and is said to be as hard as bronze and perfectly ductile.

### SEPTEMBER 4TH.—FRIDAY.

*Science* demanded for the year 1862, £321,044 worth of telegraph wire abroad—at least England exported as much, and probably the quantity manufactured in foreign countries was inconsiderable, as the English market is the cheapest for this new article of commerce.

*Current Coin.*—Mr. Fawcett's paper read at the British Association states that the gold in circulation may be estimated at 300,000,000, whilst the next ten years will probably supply £200,000,000 more from the various gold districts. The inference is, that the precious yellow metal will become depreciated in value.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—SATURDAY.

*English Metals.*—The total value of the various sorts of metal produced in Great Britain in the year 1862 amounts to £14,281,453.

*New Zealand* has now six daily newspapers in the colony. One journal, we believe, is produced by the natives.

*Sanitary Improvements* are required in the management of farm stock. From a recent report, £4,000,000 worth of cattle, £1,600,000 of sheep, and £1,200,000 of pigs, are mentioned as dying annually from disease, much of which might be prevented.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—MONDAY.

*British Association.*—The gathering at Newcastle-on-Tyne produced a large surplus of receipts over expenditure. £1,715 has been granted out of the amount to various scientific societies and men for their reports, experiments, etc. etc.

*Breech-loading Ordnance.*—The well-known Captain Blakely has perfected an arrangement by which the recoil of the gun opens the breech for the fresh charge; moreover, the breech cannot open until the shot passes out of the muzzle.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.—TUESDAY.

*Miniatures in a Crystal Cube.*—A photographic invention, or rather arrangement, introduced, whereby the likeness is shown in the centre of a cube of crystal, every feature standing out in relief as if chiselled.

*Antiquities.*—The present law of treasure-trove is opposed to common sense. The poor man who picks up a Roman gold ornament in a field cannot understand why the treasure is not his own. Unable to estimate *Art*, he appreciates the metal of *Gold*, and disposes of it as soon, whether secretly or openly, as he can. Nor can there be found a voice in England to condemn the finder; only the Law (naturally a cold-blooded animal) calls for punishment. All this would be changed, as a writer in the *Athenæum* points out, if the law were changed, giving more equitable rights to the finder—half the value, probably, would satisfy the every-day-honesty of most men, and thus the Lord of the Manor would get his rights, and Antiquity the specimen, coveted for its associations.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*John Hampden* is to have a memorial cross erected by public subscription. It would seem that Englishmen are taking stock of the nation's worthies. As a nation of shopkeepers they should show their goods; such samples of men as were sturdy Hampden and others, who were patriots when patriotism meant something more than leading public opinion in a peaceable House of Commons.

*Telegraph Act.*—By this statute, recently passed, a penalty of £20 is incurred by wilfully or negligently transmitting a message, or by divulging it. And in case of emergency, the Secretary of State is empowered to take sole possession of the telegraph wires. Science and politics are thus leagued together in a new combination.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—THURSDAY.

*Worcester Music Festival.*—Herr Schachner's Oratorio performed.

*Glasgow Cathedral.*—The Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, in exercising his undeniable right, has objected to some of the coat-of-arms emblazoned. They are incorrect, and the Lyon wills that they shall be made as correct as good heraldry can make them.

*A Marble Head,* carved much as Michael Angelo would carve it, has been obtained for the South Kensington Museum. If it were undoubtedly authentic, we presume it would go to the British Museum.

## SEPTEMBER 11TH.—FRIDAY.

*Bessemer Steel.*—The King of Wurtemberg has bestowed a gold medal on the inventor of this manufacture.

*Cannon.*—The Select Committee at Woolwich have discarded cast-iron entirely as a material for rifled guns. The coating of iron shot with lead is found better adapted to the rifle twist.

## SEPTEMBER 12TH.—SATURDAY.

*Paraffin Oil.*—An instrument called the *Petroleoscope* has been invented in Amsterdam. It tests the inflammability of all hydro-carbon oils.

## SEPTEMBER 13TH.—SUNDAY.

## SEPTEMBER 14TH.—MONDAY.

*Boring Stone* by machinery is now adopted by Mr. W. C. Harrison of Pimlico. It has many and great advantages over hand boring.

*The Holy Land,* as seen and painted by W. Telbin and Son, on the tour of the Prince of Wales, opens at the Egyptian Hall as a panorama, with descriptive lecture and music.

*Mr. Hugh William Williams.*—The Greek monument of this esteemed painter in water-colours in the Old Canongate Burial-ground, Edinburgh, has now placed upon it a medallion portrait in bronze, executed by Mr. Steell.

*Lightning Conductors.*—These look ugly running down a building. Bricks are now made with a hole through them, by which the conducting rods are secured and concealed.

## SEPTEMBER 15TH.—TUESDAY.

*Ventilation.*—Signor Giachosa of Warwick has invented a mechanical ventilator, suitable for mines, hospitals, ships, etc. It is simple and inexpensive in construction.

*Undeserved Praise.*—Mr. F. H. Myers, a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, this year won the Camden medal for the best Latin poem on "*India Pacificata*." It is an unfortunate circumstance for Mr. Myers that his distinction attracted too much notice towards his verses, which remorseless inquiry proves to contain about one line in every four which had already been written. At the same time, the fact shows the limited popularity of prize poems, for the Examiners of Cambridge, it seems, had never read the prize poems of Oxford from which the lines are plagiarised.

*A Substitute for Indigo,* at much less cost, is announced as having been discovered at Elbœuf, in Normandy.

*Sweet Sounds.*—The universally diffused taste for music is shown by a recent report stating that 23,000 pianos are manufactured annually in London.

## SEPTEMBER 16TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*The Swiftmess of Wings.*—Opportunity has just been afforded of registering the flight of an eagle from mountain to mountain, five miles apart, in a straight line. The king of birds did the distance in five minutes; that is about sixty miles an hour.

the speed of an express train. It is a curious fact, worthy of record, that this observation agrees with a former one made in England, as to the swiftness of a bird. A king-fisher, which flies in a line with the stream it haunts, raced with a Great Western express, and kept level with the carriages all the while the line ran parallel with the stream.

*Barl Fortescue.*—A statue of this much esteemed nobleman, erected in the Castle Yard, Exeter. Mr. E. B. Stephens was the sculptor.

*Coloured Statues.*—Recent discoveries in Rome have shown a colossal statue of Faustina, and another instance is afforded of the ancients painting their statuary.

#### SEPTEMBER 17TH.—THURSDAY.

*Blue Writing Paper* was first brought into the market by the accident of the paper-maker's wife dropping her bag of washing-blue into the pulp; the result was that a newly tinted paper was offered to the public, who honoured the "discovery."

*Messrs Burke and Wills.*—Australia honours her explorers. In the Melbourne General Cemetery, a granite obelisk has been erected to these victims of misadventure.

*Good Gold.*—An ancient bracelet lately discovered between Bordeaux and Bayonne, on being tested at the mint, was found to contain 866 parts gold to 134 of silver.

*Postage Stamps.*—"Comparisons are odious." The present fashion of collecting stamps shows the best heads are those of France, Greece, and New Caledonia; the worst engraved and ugliest are those of Belgium and *England*. The cheapest one centime in France; the highest in California, for the horse post, twenty-one francs.

#### SEPTEMBER 18TH.—FRIDAY.

*Norwich Musical Festival.*—Last Day.—The meeting has been chiefly distinguished by the production of "Joash," a new Oratorio by M. Silas, with the words, which are not scriptural, by the experienced librettist, George Linley.

#### SEPTEMBER 19TH.—SATURDAY.

*Cathedral Music.*—Concert of sacred music in Glasgow Cathedral by the Glasgow Choral Union: These *Church* performances give religion a grace, dignity to music, and, as a modern innovation, may be welcomed.

*Railway Post-Offices.*—On the South-Western Railway the complete office machinery of a Post-office is fitted up in the mail carriages. This natural improvement has followed the lucky idea, long since adopted, of *sorting* letters whilst travelling. Means are employed, also, to take up or drop the mail-bags whilst the train is in rapid motion.

#### SEPTEMBER 20TH.—SUNDAY.

#### SEPTEMBER 21ST.—MONDAY.

*Christ's Hospital.*—St. Matthew's Day.—The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend Divine service, and hear, afterwards, orations delivered in the Hall. Two original poems, one in English, one in Latin, delivered.

*Electricity on the Alps.*—An English party visited the *Jungfrau* and were, to say the least, completely bewildered, during a thunderstorm, at the Alpine Stocks, ice axes, etc., singing like a kettle, whilst hair stood on end, pricking and burning sensations were felt over the body, the snow hissed, and generally the party were *electrified*. The phenomena lasted nearly half an hour.

**OBITUARY.**—Jacob Grimm died yesterday in his 78th year. As the lexicographer of Germany he may be compared to our English Samuel Johnson.



## SEPTEMBER 22D.—TUESDAY.

*A New Motive Power* has been adapted to clocks by a Jew (Mr. Assman) of Sunderland. It is stated that the *metallic* power employed answers to do what weights, springs, or pendulum have hitherto done. The principle, if of practical value, will soon make its way. Atmospheric clocks appear to be failures.

*Milan Library.*—The valuable correspondence of the Medici with the Dukes of Milan, in the Ambrosian Library, has been carried off by a man of letters; at least he knew the value of his treasure.

*Count de Montalembert*, the Catholic who loves England and the English, has joined the National Shakespeare Committee.

## SEPTEMBER 23D.—WEDNESDAY.

*Pepper's Ghost.*—The public *generally* have accepted this contrivance as a new thing. In opposition to this opinion, the scientific public *generally*, indeed universally, deny the novelty; meanwhile the patentees are reaping a magnificent harvest under the fortuitous circumstance of having furnished sight-seers with a spectacle that pleases them.

*Dusty Shelves.*—We recorded in "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," the discovery of a valuable *Hungarian Library* in the recesses of the Sultan's bookshelves at *Constantinople*. With the permission of the Ottoman, a deputation of Magyars will investigate their country's literary treasures.

## SEPTEMBER 24TH.—THURSDAY.

*Pre-Columbus Navigators.*—A scientific question of great interest is asked by the report that in Canada some glass beads have been found of undoubted Phœnician manufacture. Plato, who said that Libya had been overrun by strangers from across the Atlantic, may therefore have spoken a truth that was thought incredible.

"*The Literary Times.*"—The spirited attempt to establish a Penny Literary Journal has been abandoned, after a good trial, and "*The Literary Times*" may be classed with other respectable failures. Nevertheless, a Penny Literary Journal may be considered one of the certain successes which the future has in store for us. "Public Opinion" is now, as it deserves to be, a great success. A former paper on the same plan, "*The Statesman*," though well conducted, died from the public's indifference.

## SEPTEMBER 25TH.—FRIDAY.

*Sudden Deaths.*—The returns for the county of Middlesex show the expenses of Coroners and their courts amounted to nearly £10,000. Social science must necessarily be costly, but its principle is of a penny saving a pound.

*Where did Cæsar land in Britain?*—The authority of Mr. Edwin Guest is opposed to that of the Astronomer-Royal. Between the two arguments [the public cannot come to a conclusion. The controversy has one pleasant side to it; the advocates of either side write like brave men who respect bravery, for the letters of either are models of argument so far as that they do not contain a single offensive word, not a solitary note to jar the feelings of the opponent.

## SEPTEMBER 26TH.—SATURDAY.

*Greek Fire.*—This "sulphureous compound," now being poured into Charleston, is a product of modern chemistry—it is simply *liquid fire*, readily made, and which, being inclosed in a shell, timed to burst, is distributed upon the enemy. The *original* Greek fire has not been used for nearly a thousand years, the secret of making it having been lost. The very thought of pouring out these "vials of man's wrath," is hateful to Christian feelings, and it must be admitted that mortals thus employed bear a striking resemblance to the *demons* of a nether world.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—MONDAY.

*A Smoky Chimney* is a nuisance which may be cured, if the following was as stated by a correspondent of the "Mining Journal." The common earthenware chimney pot was covered outside with zinc in which were two openings, one east, the other west, with partitions north and south to prevent the draught from escaping by the opposite opening. This contrivance carries an upward current of air outside the flue to its top, on the windward side of the chimney, and proved entirely successful in a case remarkable for an obstinacy peculiar to chimneys.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—TUESDAY.

*Readers* in 1862 were supplied with 14,000 works in Germany; 11,500 in France; whilst in England only 4,800 satisfied the literary appetite. Is it any wonder that all Germans should wear spectacles?

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Science* now enables the wheelwrights to bend wood into half circles which thus form one wheel. By the old plan, for every two spokes one fellow was required—the wood used is white American hickory.

*Gas Light* in London is supplied to the consumers at the annual cost of about one and a half million pounds.

*Loose Sheets*.—Authors and business men are constantly wanting pins, wafers and other means of connecting loose sheets of paper. A very useful and patented article has just been introduced, and may be obtained of most stationers. It is a T piece of metal, the long shank being split. To use it the pointed shank is thrust through the leaves, like a pin, and by simply bending back the split ends the sheets are attached together neatly and serviceably. The invention will soon be universally used.

*Changes in Publishing Firms*.—The firm of Messrs. Parker, Son, & Borun has merged into, and become consolidated with the eminent firm of Messrs Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green.

## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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